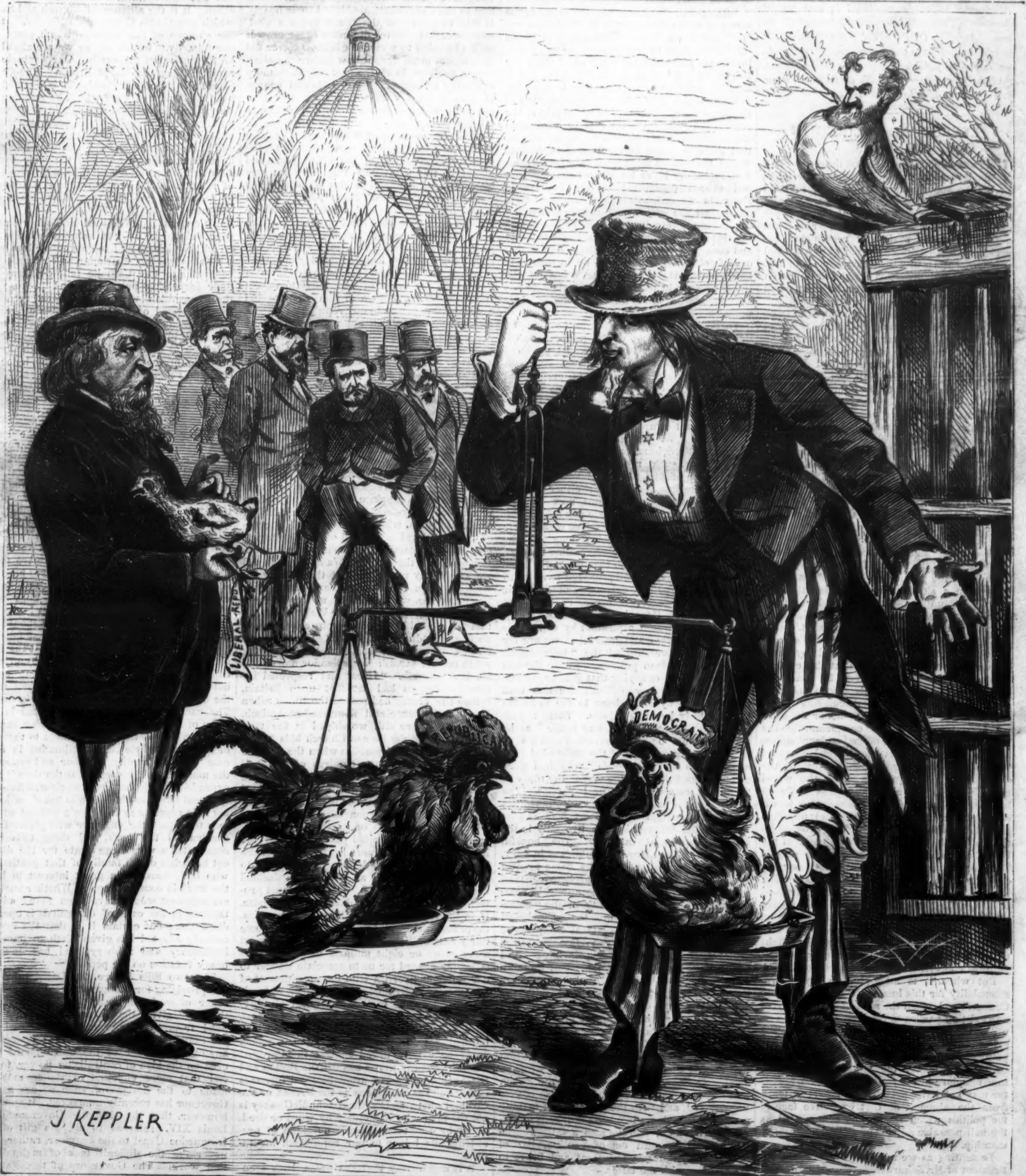


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

No. 1,024—Vol. XL.]

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1875.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

UNCLE SAM—"Well, these two great roosters seem to be evenly balanced, although one has been well plucked of its fine feathers."

COCHRANE—"But here's a chicken, gam: at that, and growing fast enough soon to turn the scale. As Schurz says, 'the mass of independent voters are to-day strong enough to give the victory to either party which they may deem deserving of it and on whose side they may unite.'"

CONKLING crows out—"I'm sure I could make the Democrats kick the beam if the Republicans would only nominate me for President."

U. S. G.—"That chicken, after all, is bigger and heavier than we thought. I wonder on whose side it will be put?"

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557 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OUR NEW STORY.

Thousands of readers have been thrilled by that fascinating tale of the sea, "The Doom of the Albatross," which is concluded in our present Number. They will be equally interested in the new story, "OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS," which, according to our announcement last week, we begin to publish to-day. If, in the former, the light of romance gilds life on the ocean wave, in the latter it gilds life ashore.

EFFECTUAL CALLING IN
POLITICS.

It is a saying of Coleridge that the germs of all modern political philosophy may be found in the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke. It is because he had the rare faculty of thinking *en grand*, and illuminated every subject which he discussed with cross-lights drawn from the realms of reason and experience, that his discourses sometimes seemed so irksome and prolix to that large class of men whose political prevision is not able to reach very far beyond the swap of the next pawn upon the chess-board of "practical politics." And yet it is this philosophic statesman (who so often "went on refining" when the thoughts of his auditors were turned only towards the dinner from which he was keeping them) that has not scrupled to leave behind him the deliberate opinion that all political virtue which is discovered to be impracticable declares itself by that very fact to be spurious as well as exquisite.

No man ever had a more lofty disdain than he for the whole tribe of vulgar politicians who turn the noble science and art of government into a trade which is vile and mechanical; who, as he says, "think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle—which they can measure with a two-foot rule and tell upon ten fingers." And yet this same man, as if to guard against the besetting sins of speculative philosophers on the one hand and of "sophisters, economists and calculators" on the other, has elsewhere declared that the public man "who omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect" commits a capital blunder which "frustrates the purposes of his task almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it."

We have been reminded of Burke's well-balanced doctrine under this head by some discussions which took place at the complimentary dinner recently given by some distinguished gentlemen in this city to the Hon. Carl Schurz. So far as the discussions at that dinner had for their object to honor the commanding talents and to commemorate the brilliant public services of that eminent statesman, it seems to us that not a word was said in the way of exaggeration. Many of the sterling and solid qualities which the world has learned to admire in the genius of Burke have found a fresh illustration in the fervid eloquence, enlightened counsel and unselfish patriotism which Mr. Schurz has brought to the discharge of his duties as a Senator of the United States and as a tribune of the people. The loss of such a man to the public service deserves to be held and considered as nothing less than a public calamity. We can ill afford to lose in the National Senate the mild lustre of that copious scholarship with which he was wont to adorn its deliberations, and still less can we afford to lose the guiding light that he never failed to shed upon any topic of political concern which he essayed to discuss.

But when it is attempted to lay all responsibility for this loss at the doors of "King Caucus," and when the alleged inadequacy of our existing parties to recognize the talents or utilize the services of such a man is made the ground of appeal for the formation of new political confederations, it may be proper for us to ask whether the result which we so much deplore in the case of the Missouri Senator may not have proceeded, in part at least, from the absence of that executive faculty for politics which Burke has commended as the indispensable adjunct of all practical statesmanship.

Lamenting as we most sincerely do the retirement of Mr. Schurz from the post of dignity and service which he so long held in the eyes of the nation, and the duties of which he performed with equal honor to himself and usefulness to the country, we might have satisfied ourselves with simply joining in the tribute that has been recently paid to his exalted public and private character, if the occasion

had not been seized by some of his admirers for the purpose of propounding a rule of political duty which requires to be carefully guarded, lest it may again result, as it has already resulted, in defeating the very aspirations which Mr. Schurz and his coadjutors have most at heart. Parties, we know, are made for men, and not men for parties; but it is equally true that parties are made for the country and not the country for the maintenance and multiplication of parties. We do not wonder, as Burke did not wonder in his day, that the behavior of parties should often make "persons of tender and scrupulous virtue somewhat out of humor with all sorts of connection in politics." We admit, as Burke admitted, that people frequently acquire in such confederacies "a narrow, bigoted and proscriptive spirit, and that they are apt to sink the idea of the general good in a circumscribed and partial interest." But, as the British statesman was careful to subjoin, it may often be our duty rather to "keep free from the evils of a critical situation than to fly from the situation itself."

"An acre in Middlesex," says Macaulay, "is worth a whole principality in Nephelococcygia," and if we would plant effective blows full in the face of any giant error or of any inveterate political wrong, we must plant our feet on the solid ground, and not in the cloud-land of Aristophanes. It is quite true, as Mr. Schurz alleges, that both the Democratic and the Republican parties partake largely in the errors and infirmities incident to all human organizations. It is quite true, as he alleges, that there is much in the record of each to which the candid mind must take just exception, especially if, as he intimates, the errors and crimes committed by the Democratic Party in its ante-bellum days are to be set off against the errors and crimes which the Republican Party is now committing before our eyes. But when all this has been said and conceded, it seems to us that such a theory of political pessimism as he inculcates is hardly adequate to meet the wants of the living present in which we are called to act as "men who have understanding of their times."

There is no more fatuous proceeding under the sun than that of the political Babel-builders, who say, "Go to, now, let us build us a party which shall be based on truth without the least admixture of error, and which shall be composed of patriots without the least intrusion of self-seekers and hypocrites." Such an attempt can lead only to a new confusion of tongues, and a new dispersion of the people. We are glad, therefore, to observe that Mr. Schurz carefully abstains from making any such recommendation to that large class of our fellow-citizens who, not being entirely satisfied with either of the leading political organizations now in presence of each other, are anxiously asking the Websterian question, "Where shall we go?" He advises that "the independent men" of the country should speedily concert some form of distinct organization, "so that when the time arrives they may be well prepared to act with united power upon the existing parties by their moral pressure; or, if necessary, may act without them." Honoring as we do the manly instinct and patriotic aspiration by which this advice is prompted, and grateful as we are for the purifying presence of the "Independent voter" in American politics, we none the less take the liberty of saying that it is impossible to conceive of a more difficult situation than that assigned by Mr. Schurz to the nebulous political body he contemplates. There is danger, too, that such a "half-way house" as he projects would be soon converted into a very *refugium peccatorum* for "the disbanded race of deserters and vagabonds" who had worn out their usefulness in the one or the other of the great competing political parties. The recent and the remoter history of our politics is full of instruction on this point. The *Tertium Quids* of the Jeffersonian era live only in the political satires of that day. The hopeful movement of the Liberal Republicans in 1872, as Mr. Schurz well remembers, came to grief rather from being too comprehensive than from being too select, for the unwieldy number and heterogeneous quality of the "come-outers" represented in the Cincinnati Convention compelled a fateful compromise alike in the selection of a candidate and in the declaration of fundamental principles. And hence it is that many "Independent Republicans"—the great majority, doubtless, of those Republicans who are dissatisfied with the dominant party—have now seen that they could best exert their "moral pressure" on the Democratic Party by entering its ranks without sacrificing their "independence." They propose to hasten the process of fermentation by bringing their leaven into contact with the meal. Mr. Schurz proposes to keep the leaven in a separate case by itself, at the risk of getting spoiled, and with the certainty of making no bread. "There is," says Burke, "a courageous wisdom; there is also a false, reptile prudence, the result not of caution, but of fear." Mr. Schurz is too great and brave to sympathize with the latter.

OUR AMERICAN CARDINAL.

ON Tuesday the 27th ultimo, New York witnessed an event—was the scene of an imposing and significant ceremony—which

commanded the attention of the world. On that day, and amid all the pomp and solemnity which the Church of Rome knows so well how to use, John McCloskey, the Archbishop of New York, was invested with the *berretta* and formally elevated to the dignity of Cardinal and Prince of the Roman Church.

The investiture of a Cardinal is always an event of some importance, especially to the community immediately affected. Even in Catholic countries it is of comparatively rare occurrence; and of all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, none more fully reveals the beauty, the pomp, the splendor of her ritual. From a variety of causes, however, the investiture of Dr. McCloskey was an event of more than ordinary importance. It was the first honor of the kind which Rome had conferred on the Church in the United States. Such a gift—the gift of a Cardinal—from Rome was felt by every child of the Church to be a personal favor. The entire Church was jubilant with joy. They loved the Holy Father, and his gift filled their souls with delight. They loved their Archbishop, and his elevation to the Cardinalate gladdened their hearts. It was, therefore, in the truest sense a glad-occasion. Never did more eager crowds seek admission to a sacred edifice. Never did worshippers more devout bow before the altar. Never, perhaps, in all the past was there more sympathy of soul between priests and people. It was a service in which form was conspicuous, which revealed in a striking manner all the power, beauty and attractiveness of Roman ritualism, yet such was the enthusiasm of the vast audience, such the solemnity, the deep devotion of feeling, the felt presence and power of things invisible, that the form was lost sight of. It was a day of which the Catholic population of New York city and neighborhood, and indeed, the entire Catholic community throughout the United States, have just cause to be proud. The day, with what it brought, was an honor to them; and it is but fair to say that they honored the day in return.

A live Cardinal, however, is somewhat of a novelty in the midst of us. What to expect from him—what to do with him—how to find a place for a prince in our republican system, are questions to which not unnaturally many are busy trying to find solutions. There are those who see in this advent of a Cardinal a first proof of the growing power and aggressive spirit of the Roman Church. Of course our liberties are in danger. Romanism is to overrun this Continent. Priestcraft is again to be in the ascendant; and our boasted religious liberty is to be crushed out by the heel of its ancient enemy. There are others who see in it evidence unmistakable of the decadence, not exactly of Republican virtue, but of Republican simplicity, which is the safeguard of virtue. The Cardinal, we are told, is a prince. As a prince, he must find a place in our social system. We are reminded of Cardinal Cullen, who, after the Lord Lieutenant, takes precedence of all other dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, in Dublin—on one occasion preceding the Prince of Wales himself; and we are sagely reminded that the gulf is not wide between the Cardinal and the Caesar. For ourselves, we apprehend no such danger from our American Cardinal. We do not deny that we see evidence of the power, perseverance and industry of Rome. Change after change passes over her, but the increasing years neither tarnish her splendor nor diminish her strength. "Great and respected before the Saxons had set foot upon Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca," the Roman Church bids fair to maintain her proud position when the empires of the present, like the empires of old, shall have passed into oblivion. But Rome has come under new conditions; her temporal power is broken, and if she is to maintain her existence or to make conquests in the future, it must be by the use of spiritual, not carnal, weapons. In the United States, even if the Roman Church were more aggressive than she has shown herself to be, we have nothing to fear. To her, as to all other ecclesiastical bodies, the field is open. The State must protect, but it may not—it dare not—patronize. If, in the race with other Churches, she wins, the praise will be all her own. But with some thirty-four millions of Protestants, as against some seven or eight millions of Catholics, it is simply absurd for us to associate danger to our religious liberties with the appointment of an American Cardinal. The danger which is supposed by some to threaten our civil liberties from the same source, is quite as unreal. Cardinal McCloskey has no new power which he had not before. Any argument which could be validly urged against the Cardinal might be equally urged against the Bishop and the Archbishop. The archiepiscopal throne is surely quite as contagious as the *berretta*, or the cardinal's hat; and Cardinal John McCloskey is not the man who will either by word or deed, either by ostentatious pomp or claim of precedence, do injury to our republican institutions.

It is noteworthy that the press, both secular and religious, have treated this affair of the Cardinalate with much calmness, with kindness of feeling, and with good taste. What opposition there has been, has been made the subject of private conversation rather than of editorial articles. There has been no loud call of alarm, such as periodically is heard in

England on the slightest provocation from Rome. Are we not safe in drawing the inference that, as there has been no loud cry of danger, the feeling is that no danger exists? At the present moment the condition of the United States presents a striking contrast to the condition of Germany. Prince Bismarck dreads the Church, and puts forth all his immense power to hold it in check. Bishops are fined and imprisoned, and stringent laws are passed restraining their liberty and robbing them of their incomes. Here our Protestant population look on the signs of the growing prosperity of the Catholic Church, if not with approbation, at least with indifference; for the growlers, after all, are but few in number. Why this difference between Germany and the United States? The answer is obvious. There the State supports the Church, and the Church owes, in return, allegiance to the State. Here, the State is free and the Church is free. Between the two there is no unholy alliance. The line of separation is clear, distinct and unmistakable. The Church has one sphere of action, the State has another. It is the alliance of Church and State which constitutes Germany's difficulty. It is the absence of this alliance which gives us our security. In this matter we are ahead of all the nations of the earth. Our example is rapidly telling on Great Britain. The State Church is gone in Ireland. It is doomed in both Scotland and England. The question is becoming ripe for final solution in Germany; and one certain result of the present ecclesiastical laws will be the separation of Church and State. Sooner or later the principle will be understood and followed the wide world over; and then, but not till then, will the causes of religious strife be removed, and a new era of peace and goodwill must dawn upon the nations.

We congratulate Cardinal McCloskey on the position which he has won—a position to which his labors and talents entitle him, and which his spotless character will adorn. We congratulate our Catholic fellow-citizens on their increasing prosperity, and because of the recognition which they have received from the head of the Church. We congratulate the American people generally because of this fresh illustration which it has been their privilege to give to the world that the great republic of the West is indeed the home of civil and religious liberty.

CANAL PROBLEMS.

THE successful maintenance of the canal system throws on the State of New York the task of solving several most difficult problems, both theoretical and practical. It is a momentous circumstance that at the present time so many of these formidable questions are before the public for settlement, the arrangements made in former years having, without exception, proved unsatisfactory. The objections to the prosecution by Government of great public works were never more forcibly brought home than they have been to disinterested observers by the half-century's experience of the State of New York with her canals. We are firm believers in the old Jeffersonian doctrine that the State should not undertake what can possibly be accomplished by private enterprise. Admitting that the Erie Canal could never have been built by private capital, it does not follow that the State could not have advantageously relieved itself from the task of running it and keeping it in order. The canal of Languedoc, constructed in the reign of Louis XIV., cost the French a sum of money which is nearly equivalent to the cost of building the Erie Canal, estimating in each case by the quantity of labor and materials the money would command at the time it was expended. When that great work was finished, the most likely method, it was found, of keeping it in repair was to make a present of the tolls to Riquet, the engineer who planned and constructed the work, and these tolls long constituted a very large estate for the different branches of the family of that gentleman, who had, therefore, a great interest to keep the work in constant repair. Whether such an arrangement would have been found advantageous in the case of our canals is open to discussion; but certain it is that the system actually adopted has given birth to immense inefficiency and robbery, and has inflicted heavy taxation on the people.

The two Bills before the Legislature, the one providing for the appointment by the Governor of an Inspector of Public Works, and the other, giving the Governor power to suspend from the performance of their duties the State Engineer, Canal Commissioners, or any other member of the Canal Board, proceed on the idea of centralizing power, to the end that more effectual resistance may be made to the designs of such rogues as the Governor has recently unmasked. It appears, however, that the despotic Government of Louis XIV. preferred to make a gift of the Languedoc Canal to the engineer, rather than undertake the difficult task of maintaining that work. The Governors of the State of New York have not always been men of the Tilden stamp, and it will be dangerous to place too much dependence upon the energy, integrity and courage of the chief magistrate, who will always have ten thousand things to do besides looking after the canals. It cannot possibly be doubted that one head is better

than a dozen, but who will guarantee that the proposed Inspector will in all cases be a fit man for the place? But the change will unquestionably be a step in the right direction.

If the proper system of management be a question of great difficulty, the right adjustment of the tolls is not less perplexing. To put the tolls below the rates which will pay the expenses of maintenance and superintendence is to offer a bounty to those who send their grain and lumber by the canal. To tax the farmers of this State in order that the grain of Illinois and Wisconsin may be sold a few cents cheaper in New York is a double imposition on them, compelling them to pay more in taxes, and at the same time to sell their produce cheaper. It is only by selling their produce that they raise the money by which they support themselves and pay their taxes.

Within five years fifteen million dollars have been raised by taxation for the support of the canals, and these taxes are exactly of the same nature as the protective duties imposed on the country for the encouragement of the manufacturers. If the trade of New York requires to be encouraged by a bounty on the export of wheat, it becomes essentially of the same nature as the protective duties imposed on the country for the encouragement of the manufacturers. If the trade of New York requires to be encouraged by a bounty on the export of wheat, it becomes essentially of the same nature as the protective duties imposed on the country for the encouragement of the manufacturers.

We have serious doubts whether, all things considered, the railroads cannot now carry wheat from Chicago and Milwaukee to New York and Baltimore at less cost than that of water transportation. Every additional ton of freight moved by the great trunk lines is carried at less cost than the average expense per ton of moving the smaller quantity. For example, if the average cost per ton of moving five million tons is two cents per mile, an extra million tons can probably be moved for one cent per mile, bringing the average of the six millions down to \$1.83—and so on for the next million. We very much fear that the enterprising persons who are so vigorously advocating lower canal tolls, in the face, too, of canal taxes to the tune of three millions dollars a year, have not investigated the cost of moving grain by railroad. If, however, the canal is to be supported as an instrument for compelling the railroads to carry grain at the lowest rates possible, we are of opinion that to execute the plan successfully will be found by all odds the most difficult problem of all. It is notorious that the closing months of the last season of navigation were disastrous for the canal interests. The transportation lines and the individual owners of canal-boats did not begin to pay expenses. The tolls paid to the State fell off \$410,000—more than twenty-five per cent.—from the middle of August to the close of navigation, early in December, the comparison being made with the corresponding period of 1873. This year navigation will be resumed under conditions still more unfavorable to the canal-boats. The price of grain is low, the whole amount of produce and merchandise of all kinds seeking transportation to tide-water not sufficient to give full employment to the railroads, and a desperate competition under full headway between the Baltimore and Ohio and the other lines, one effect of which is the establishment already of rates between the lake ports and the seaboard below the actual cost of water transportation. It is not our intention to do anything beyond pointing out the more salient points of the situation. Experience will certainly settle the disputed points, uninfluenced by the clamor and clap-trap of interested parties. Without experience, the most consummate sagacity might well shrink from predicting the issue.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1875.

Monday.....115½ @ 115½ | Thursday.....115½ @ 115½
Tuesday.....115½ @ 115½ | Friday.....115½ @ 115½
Wednesday.....115½ @ 115½ | Saturday.....115½ @ 115½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OSHKOSH AND MONTPELIER, by their destructive fires, teach the same lesson—that only fireproof buildings should be permitted within the precincts of American cities.

PRESIDENT GRANT has been a very liberal master in bestowing first-rate characters upon his discharged servants. Schuyler Colfax, Henry D. Cooke, Tom Murphy and Landaulet Williams, all have pretty certificates to show. But who will give Grant a character when Uncle Sam discharges him?

JUDGE BLANCHFORD, whose righteous decision assured to Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, his victory over the Washington Ring, of which Grant and Shepherd are "king-pins," is eulogized by the press generally as "an impartial, Ring-defying, fearless official." The entire press of the country is affected by that decision.

ROTTEN PAVEMENT—ROTTEN ADMINISTRATION. The Grant-Shepherd Washington Ring laid fifty-eight miles of wood pavement, all of which is rotting rapidly; considerable has already been taken up, and other large portions, as on Pennsylvania Avenue, have been repaired several times. It is now estimated that all of this rotting wood

pavement will have to be taken up and removed in two years, or at the same time as the removal of the rotten Grant-Shepherd Administration.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.—A grand council of all the Indian tribes of Indian Territory assembled at Okmulgee, the capital of the Territory, on May 3d. A praiseworthy attempt was to be made to conciliate all warlike Indians and to restore peace without bloodshed.

CAMBALLO, Mr. Vyner's bay colt, won the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes—the first of the great three-year old stakes of the season of 1875—contested for at Newmarket, April 28th, the second day of the First Spring Meeting. The winner ran for the first time as a three-year-old; but it had run in public eight times as a two-year-old, scoring four "wins."

NOT A GHOST OF A SHOW.—The Milwaukee *News* is confident that the reform element of the Republican Party will not stand a ghost of a show in controlling the National Convention which will nominate the next Republican candidate for President. That candidate will be either Grant or the man chosen by Grant, and supported by the influences which are now in favor of a third term, if it can be made successful.

MAYOR WICKHAM'S nominations for vacancies in the city commissions were sent in to the Board of Aldermen, May 1st, and were confirmed without opposition. The nominees were: J. N. Hayward for Tax Commissioner; J. O'Donohue for Commissioner of Parks; General W. F. Smith for Commissioner of Police; V. C. King for Fire Commissioner; H. F. Dimock for Dock Commissioner; E. G. Janeway for Health Commissioner, and Townsend Cox (renominated) for Commissioner of Charities and Correction.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—It has been arranged among the Republican leaders, according to a dispatch from Washington, April 28th, to the *Sun*, that a considerable number of them shall meet in that city within the next fortnight for the purpose of waiting upon President Grant in a body, and insisting on his signing a letter renouncing all idea of a third term. Senator Frelinghuysen and Mr. Carpenter are prominent in this affair, but their associates are sufficiently numerous and influential to make as strong an impression upon Grant's mind as it is capable of receiving. They are convinced that it is the third term which has ruined the Republican Party, and that a complete and irrevocable abandonment of it is the only way of salvation for them.

THE SPLENDID UNIFORM of the Papal Guard, worn by Count Marefoschi, was invented by Michael Angelo. It is noteworthy that this uniform and the court costume of the First Empire, said to have been devised by Napoleon I., are the only two exceptions to the fact that no official dress worn by Europeans was originally invented or imposed as a specific and official costume. No liturgical scholar of repute has questioned the truth of this statement for more than two hundred years, so far as the ecclesiastical vestments of the Christian Church are concerned. Those vestments are, undeniably, of lay origin. In all cases except the two above mentioned, uniforms and costumes have first grown naturally, and then stopped still when other fashions changed.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—The Members' Amendment Bill to the charter of the American Institute, securing the rights of the membership to control its affairs by the annual election of the entire board of thirteen trustees, and a board of twenty-one managers, and prescribing the method by which new members can be admitted, for the election of three inspectors of election, a board of three auditors, and authorizing the challenge and swearing in of suspected voters, and some minor checks, passed the Assembly on Friday evening of last week by the decisive majority of 66 to 11, or 6 to 1. This bill should pass the Senate without delay, as it is just right, and imperatively demanded by the great body of the four thousand members of the corporation, and has no political bearings whatever.

THE FREE PROGRESS of the Catholic Church in this country is thus expatiated upon in one of the many congratulatory addresses received by the Cardinal-Archbishop—that from the Xavier Alumni Sodality, an association of Catholic young men in this city: "Here, untrammelled by the alliance or the opposition of the State, it labors without fear or favor for the harvest of souls. Its wonderful progress in the brief century which has elapsed since the establishment of the republic illustrates at once its divine energy and its perfect compatibility with the most advanced form of civil liberty. It is but eighty-six years since the first Episcopal See was erected in this country. Eighteen years later (1808) there were but sixty-eight priests, and, in a population of 6,500,000, but 100,000 Catholics, or one sixty-fifth of all. To-day, in a population of 38,000,000, there are 7,000,000 Catholics, or nearly one-fifth of all. Where the population has increased six-fold the Church has grown seventy-fold."

THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS of the French metropolis are interesting: Paris has within its walls 63,963 houses, of which 394 are in process of construction, and 1,947 uninhabited. The official figures show that the entire population numbers 1,851,792. These inhabitants live in 61,622 houses, of which 694 are public establishments, which give an average of 30 persons to each house, or 32 if we take into calculation the floating population, which is daily estimated at 135,000 persons. Each house contains about 11 apartments or chambers to rent, for the number of rooms or apartments rented, or to rent, number 694,695, of which 65,257 are vacant, and 92,161 rented for commercial or industrial purposes. This gives an average of 3 persons to each apartment, rented or to rent. All of these constructions are upon 3,619 streets, boulevards, places or *quais*, forming the public highway, and upon 78,020,000 square metres of ground. Some of the streets are very long, but they do not at all compare in length with those of New York and other American cities.

"INDEPENDENT VOTERS" have so increased and multiplied during the past two years as to puzzle politicians, both Republican and Democratic. Nevertheless, the New York *Evening Post*, in

alluding to the new Presidential departure indicated by or for the Liberal Republicans as a third party, at the complimentary dinner to Carl Schurz on the 27th ult., says: "It was a remarkable pretense of some of the speakers—we refer particularly to Mr. Adams—that it is possible for a third party to be organized under the title of 'Independents,' that shall alternately favor one or the other of the two great parties which always contend for the supremacy. The assumption that a third party can long exist in such a relation to the other two is contrary to all political experience. It must inevitably yield to bad control, or modify one of the two so as to merge in it, or else dwindle into insignificance. In any event its mission and career are bound to be temporary. Independence of partisan control on the part of the individual voter is one thing, but the permanent organization of a body of voters to be bid for like goods at an auction sale is something very different."

THE SPLENDID SPECTACLE in St. Patrick's Cathedral, during the investiture of the Cardinal Archbishop, emphasized the date of a new departure for the Catholic Church in the United States. It was in itself historical, and it also evoked many historical souvenirs, more or less incongruous. Not the least curious of these were the facts that Odet de Châtillon, eldest brother of the famous and unfortunate Admiral Coligny, was Bishop of Beauvais at sixteen, a Cardinal at seventeen, and a politician, wary, persuasive and far-seeing, at twenty; that he subsequently professed the Reformed religion, married Elizabeth de Hauteville, and retained the cardinal's hat and the episcopal revenues while calling himself Count of Beauvais; that at his marriage he wore his cardinal's robes, and that he appeared dressed in them, and with him his wife, at the coronation of Charles IX. If Cardinals do not themselves marry, nowadays, after the old French fashion of Cardinal Odet de Châtillon, and the modern instance of Father Hyacinthe, they are not unmindful of St. Paul the Apostle's decree, that "marriage is honorable in all," save where it is precluded by ecclesiastical oaths of celibacy, or by other weighty obstacles. This is clearly shown by the fact that among the earliest acts of the new Cardinal Archbishop of New York are recorded two marriages—one at St. Stephen's church, uniting Miss Nelly Murphy, Ex-Collector Murphy's daughter, and Mr. de Rivas, a Spanish-American resident of the city, and the other at Gramercy Park Hotel, uniting Miss Marie Elise Niles (daughter of the late Nathaniel Niles, formerly American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Turin, and husband of Eugene Sue's father's widow) and General Adam Badeau, former chief of General Grant's staff, and now United States Consul-General at London.

THE MEMORIAL MATINEE at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, April 28th, for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Dan Bryant, began with an address by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who manifestly stands in no dread of Rev. Dr. Talmage's anathemas. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Frothingham, "a clergyman comes before you to speak of an actor, although the two professions were long at variance, and have exchanged many hard blows. But as the clergy have suffered, perhaps, less than the actors, I claim no credit for magnanimity. On the contrary, I am happy to do honor to one who was a good and generous man. Our departed friend was a fine comedian as well as a minstrel. I wish that I had ever done him as much good as he often did me. He was a benefactor in the noblest sense of the word. His minstrel hall was a temple of innocent mirth, and with joyous laughter he did his good work in aiding to

"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

Although a fortune passed through his hands, his widow and children now depend upon our benevolence, because he was always ready to give to those who were in need, and was never able to keep the money of which poorer men were in want." Refuting the libels upon the drama originated by those who know nothing of the profession, the reverend gentleman concluded his eloquent address by saying that, when a great prima donna died, Mozart declared that "the angels needed another voice"; and although poor Dan Bryant's minstrelsy was not so seraphic, it was, at least, that still small voice of genial love and sympathy without which even a celestial choir might seem to us inharmonious." Another peculiar feature of this matinee was that most of the ladies present were dressed in deep mourning in memory of the dead minstrel.

"A SORT OF EXTRA-POPE."—"Is that the Cardinal-Archbishop's palace?" we asked of a stalwart policeman who was standing at the corner opposite No. 218 Madison Avenue, on the memorable 27th of April. "Yes," was the reply; "but I believe he's going to be promoted to-day to be a sort of extra-Pope." The policeman's confusion of ideas as to the newly-conferred dignity of the amiable prelate has been shared by many American citizens. We have already had occasion to correct mistakes on this point in several journals, both secular and religious. The *Sun* has rendered a similar service to a correspondent who quotes a statement of the *Sun* that cardinals "hold the rank of princes," and also Article XIII of the Constitution, which provides that "if any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept or retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them." The correspondent adds: "It would appear, therefore, that Cardinal McCloskey has lost his citizenship, and query, does not his real estate escheat to the State?" To which the *Sun* responds: "The phrase of our article quoted above is not accurate. A cardinal is not a prince. He is simply and exclusively an ecclesiastical of the highest rank, but one in the Roman Catholic Church. He has no princely title, and no political power. What is really meant in calling him a

prince is, that in the European order of social precedence he ranks with princes, just as an archbishop ranks with a duke. But, as an archbishop is not a duke, so a cardinal is not a prince. The case is similar to that of our navy and army officers. An admiral, for instance, is not a major-general by any means; and yet he ranks with one, whenever there is a question of social precedence or assimilated rank between the two services. There is nothing in being a cardinal that is contrary to the Constitution of the United States any more than in being an archbishop or a simple parish priest; and we add that it would probably be difficult to find among Americans, either of native or foreign birth, a more sincere and ardent patriot than Cardinal McCloskey.

NORTH AND SOUTH.—At Richmond, Va., on the night of April 28th, a large number of ex-Confederates, including general, field and staff officers, serenaded General W. F. Bartlett, of that city, but formerly of Massachusetts, in acknowledgment of his speech at the Lexington Centennial celebration. In his reply to a complimentary address by General Bradley T. Johnson, on the part of the Confederates, General Bartlett said: "The chief defect in the great fabric of our Union, which while it existed rendered a perfect harmony of interests impossible, has been rudely swept away, leaving a structure more permanent, more full of glorious possibilities, than our fathers dared to hope for. To cement this new Union on a sounder foundation and avail ourselves of the promises of the future is a solemn task well-fitted to these centennial years. As soldiers who fought the battle out in good faith, you can wield the strongest influence for peace and right. Your worst enemies at the South are the few men here and there who talk more bravely than they fought, and it is the same at the North; but the people there, tired of these politicians whose voices are still for war, are fast replacing them by men of less selfish purpose, whose views are bounded by no narrow lines of State or section or party, but who desire justice and prosperity for all. The war through which we passed developed and proved on both sides the noble qualities of American manhood. It has left to us soldiers once foes, now friends, a memory of hard-fought fields, of fearful sacrifices, of heroic valor, and it has taught us the lesson to be transmitted to our children that divided we are terrible, united we are for ever invincible." Everywhere the spirit and tone of the Union General Bartlett's speech at Lexington, and the Confederate General Evans's speech at Augusta, are heartily commended. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares, that if the press of the country would unite to scatter broadcast the noble, manly sentiments of the soldiers of the two armies, "a real peace would be quickly established between the North and South." It adds: "Reconstruction and union, to be real, must be matters of feeling and interest, not of legislation. The North and South must begin to be just, one to the other—each to recognize the good there is in each, and to strive to become better acquainted. They only want to know each other better, to like each other better, and they only want the bitterness of the war to be forgotten to induce the South as well as the North to keep step to the music of the Union. And if Decoration-day shall bring this about, it should come to be considered the best of all the days in the year—the day which brought peace and goodwill to once warring brothers of North and South." The Springfield *Union* says: "Had the centennial era opened fifteen years ago, it is quite likely that the civil war would not have taken place or would have been postponed, on account of the exaltation of the patriotic sentiment. Perhaps it was better the war should come then and be got over with; but from the revival of the spirit of nationality and patriotic enthusiasm in the centennial season now upon us, we may confidently expect a beneficial and powerful influence in reuniting North and South in devotion to a common country."

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

ON Monday, April 26th, the proceedings opened with the cross-examination of Mr. Partridge, after which Edward J. Wright was examined. The next witness was Mrs. Elizabeth La Pierre Palmer, whose examination and cross-examination caused a decided sensation, on account of her professions of being a spiritual medium and clairvoyant. The remaining portion of Monday's session was occupied in the examination of General Benjamin F. Tracy, one of the counsel for the defense.

Tuesday's session was very short, owing to the absence of Mr. Beach. The only person examined was J. Francis St. George, a clerk in the Custom House, who testified to having seen Theodore Tilton in the Rossel parade in 1871.

On Wednesday General Tracy's examination was resumed. Mrs. E. J. Ovington was recalled by the plaintiff's counsel, and questioned in reference to the communications which passed between herself, Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Tilton on the evening when Mr. Tilton appeared before the Investigating Committee.

On Thursday the direct examination of General Tracy closed, and Mr. Beach commenced the cross-examination of the witness, finishing during the morning session of Friday, when the defense rested. Mr. Beach stated that counsel for the plaintiff would make no objection to the production of Mrs. Tilton as a witness by the defense, but Mr. Everts declined to call her. The plaintiff's counsel then commenced the examination of witnesses for rebuttal. Mr. George W. Maddox and Mr. John Swinton testified as to Tilton's position in the Rossel procession. The Court then adjourned until Monday, May 3d.

OBITUARY RECORD.

APRIL 28th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. F. B. Conway, lessee and manager of the Brooklyn Theatre, aged 40.
"29th."—At New Brighton, Staten Island, John C. Green, distinguished for his princely gifts to Princeton College and his services in behalf of the Union Army during the war, aged 78.
"29th."—At Elliotville, Staten Island, General Samuel M. Elliott, a distinguished colonel, and a soldier of the rebellion, aged 64.
"30th."—At his residence at Bayside, L. I., Hon. Oliver Charles, a prominent politician and railroad manager, aged 66.
MAY 2d.—At Paris, France, Jean Frederic, Baron de Waldeck, traveler and artist, aged 109.

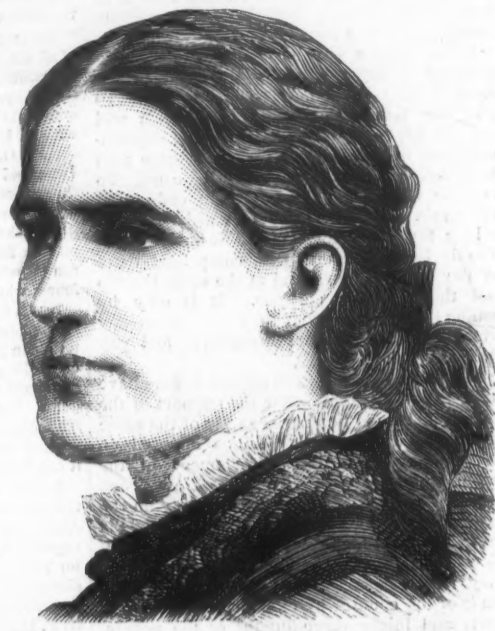
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



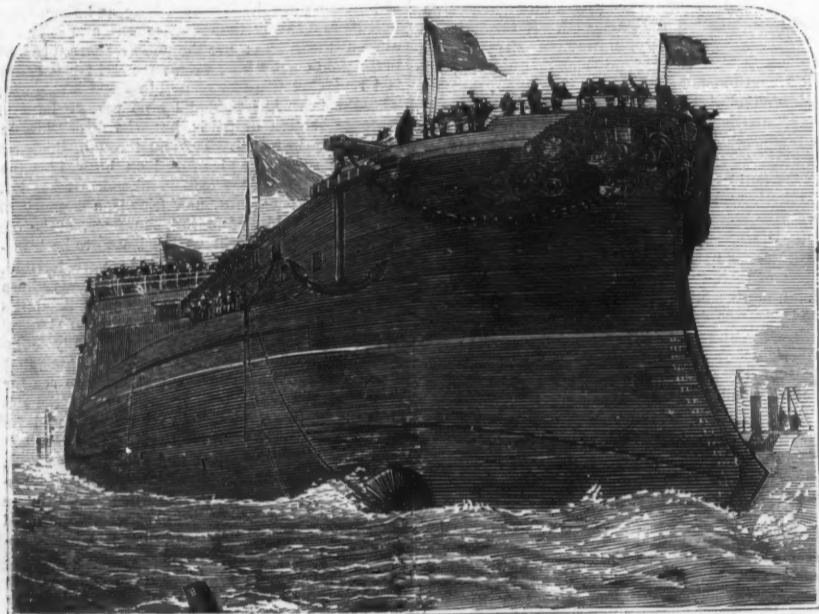
MISS ZARÉ THALBERG, AN AMERICAN OPERA-SINGER.



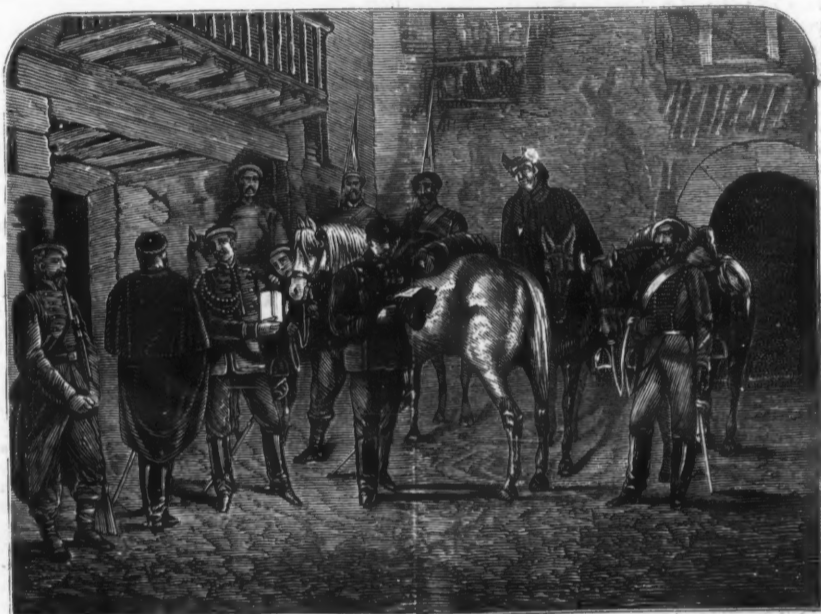
MR. HENRY BESSEMER, INVENTOR OF BESSEMER STEEL.



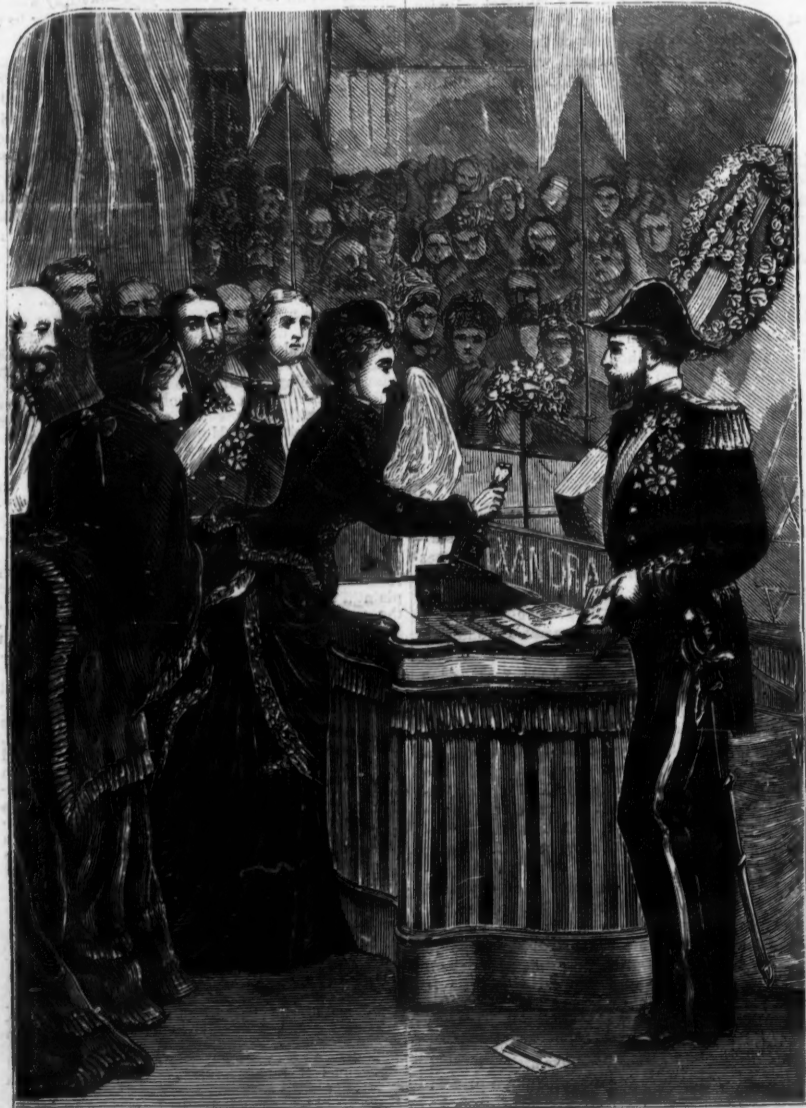
MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, AN AMERICAN CONCERT-SINGER, NOW IN LONDON.



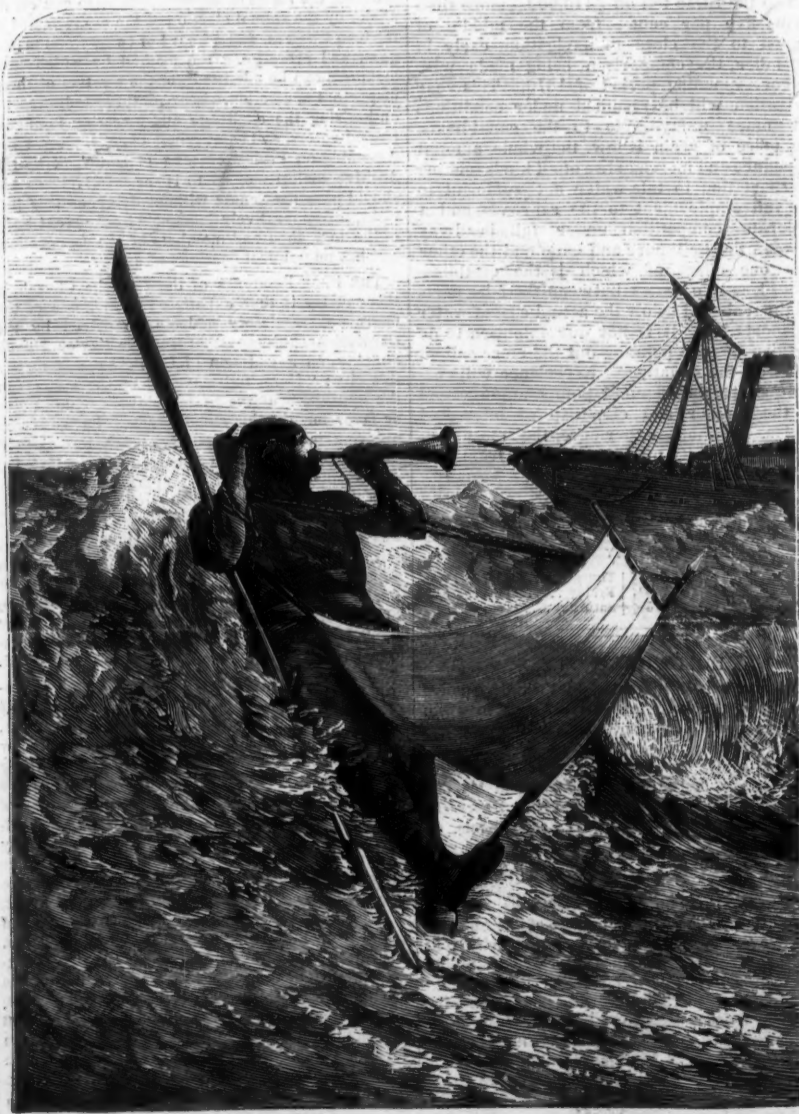
ENGLAND.—LAUNCH OF H. M. S. "ALEXANDRA" AT CHATHAM DOCK-YARD.



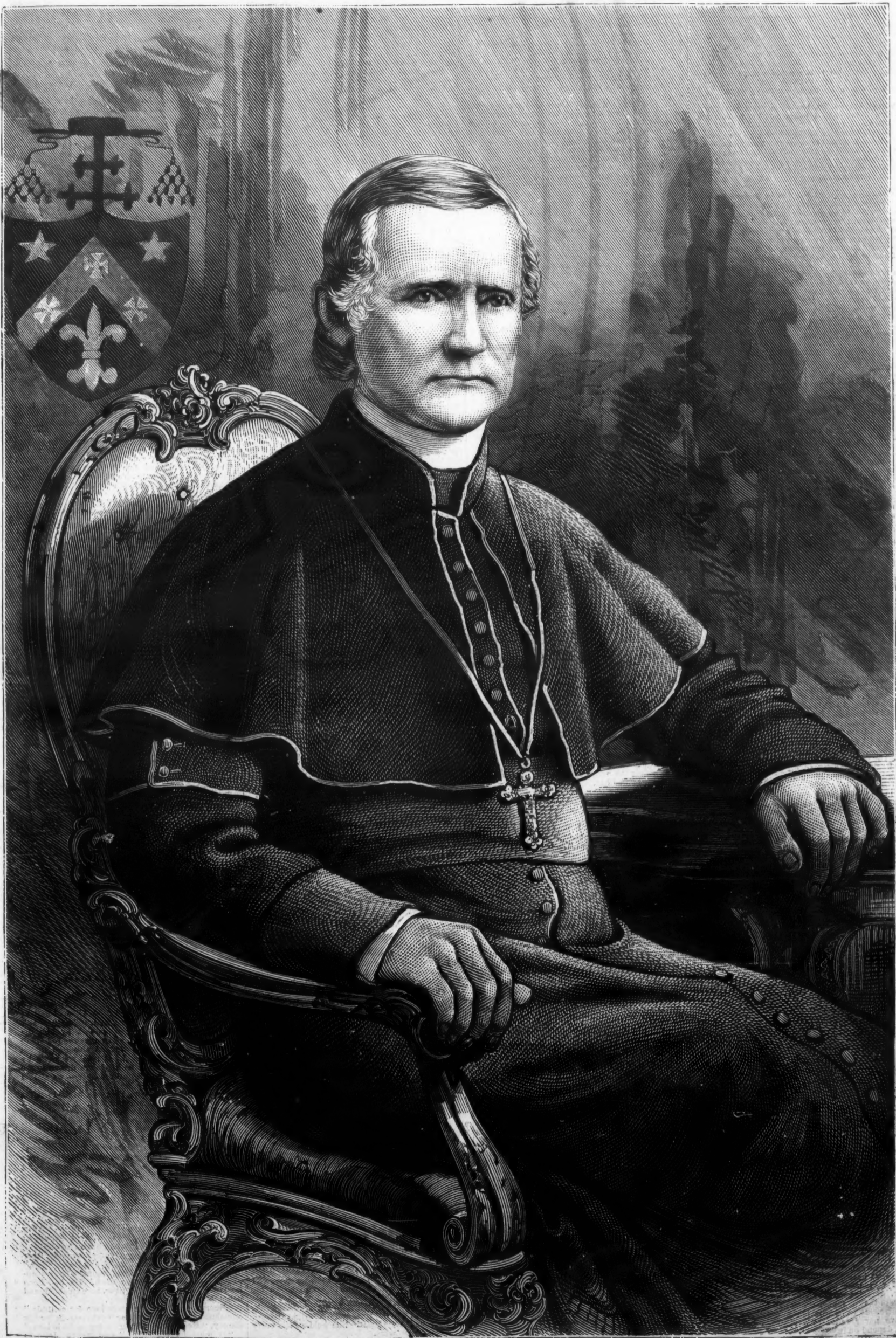
SPAIN.—THE CARLIST CHIEF EGONA RECEIVING DISPATCHES AT A VILLAGE IN THE PROVINCE OF NAVARRE.



ENGLAND.—H. M. S. "ALEXANDRA"—THE PRINCESS OF WALES SETTING THE LAUNCHING MACHINERY IN MOTION.



BRITISH CHANNEL.—CAPTAIN BOYTON'S TRIP—A CIGAR IN MID-CHANNEL.



HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 159.

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

I KNOW an ancient story of a maid
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice that said,
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
Or dew, was in his hands—all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden, hushed in sweet surprise,
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs
Down,
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes
Whose smile seemed to enwreath her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands,
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in Summer lands,
He breathed upon the lily bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
And shaped a magic pitcher white as snow,
Gemmaed with the living jewels of the dew,
And brimmed with overflows of running light.
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:
"Drink of the lily waters pure and bright,

Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give to all who thirst the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While mute with joy the little maiden stood,
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

Opposite Neighbors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED
TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH up among the Welsh hills a tiny stream
sparkled into life, wailing the gray silence of
the rocks with its joyous cradle-song, leap-
ing and flashing through shadow and sun-
shine, foaming and rushing down height and along
bosky vale, till flowers broke into beauty on its
banks—till the pleasant borderland was reached,
and sounds of human beings mingled with its song.

Here, where Peace seemed to have ever made
her dwelling, where the quiet village, clustering
round a church, the sunny uplands, the stately
homes of the Ingledons and St. Johns, divided by
the river's shining stream, seemed hallowed by the
presence of the white-winged angel, the Saxon and
the Celt have struggled in many a wild affray.
Not a pleasant pasture, or a hillside, or a dusky
glen, but had its legend, linking the present to a
terrible past, when the river ran red with human
blood between the rival chieftains of the soil.

The ruined castle of the St. Johns crowned an
eminence above the modern mansion, the white
walls of which gleamed across the river; but the
ancient home of the Ingledons was fashioned into
a newer fabric by the knight who fought for good
Queen Bess, and, softened and beautified by time,
still stood, its wide windows looking on the bound-
ary stream.

On every stone of Ingledon was stamped the
look of home. Not alone was it a house—it was a
home. The angel of life and death had crossed its
threshold; Peace and Love sat beside the hearth,
and memory hallowed each chamber with its spell.
Sorrow had been a frequent visitor in past years.
Father and mother had clasped their children's
hands for the last time, and passed to a better
world. The younger son of the house, light-hearted,
noble Reginald, had joined his comrades, fighting
for English households in India; and the shadow
of suspense was dark on his sister's brow as she sat
alone in the silence of the Summer afternoon,
thinking of her soldier-brother, the pet lamb of the
flock, her darling—loved with all the mother-love
she might never give a child of her own.

Joan Ingledon was deformed. Scarcely of the
stature of a child, with a wan face old beyond her
eight-and-twenty years, lit by dark, lustrous, pit-
iful eyes, her only part in the Ingledon beauty, she
sat in her own low chair by the window of the oak
parlor—the room they all loved best—thinking of
Reginald. His dog, a great black retriever, lay at
her feet, blinking wisely at the sunshine, and
lazily wagging his tail at the touch of Joan's small
hand.

"Bruce, where is your master, old fellow?"
An energetic wag of the tail.
"Ah, who is so wise that can tell us that, Bruce?
Who can say when his name shall be unremembered
in the roll-call—when he may be summoned to the
presence of his Captain on high? Bruce, dear old
dog, shall we ever see your master again?"

Another responsive wag of the tail.
"Will he ever be among us again, his bright eyes
and bonny smile making the sunshine of home? Will
his footstep ever cross the threshold, his dear
voice ever greet us more, Bruce?"

But Bruce had leaped up. The sound of voices
and a girl's merry laugh rang through the Summer
air, and the dog sprang through the open window
and raced across the lawn.

Miss Ingledon stepped out on to the terrace. A
boat was coming swiftly up the river, a young lady
in a white dress steering. Two gentlemen were
pulling. The elder, a man of about twenty-five,
had thrown off his straw hat, and his face was
glowing with animation. He was a strikingly hand-
some man, wonderfully like the young lady at the
tiller. Both had the renowned Ingledon beauty of
form and feature, and the dark eyes of Joan.

The third person in the boat was a sturdy,
stalwart young man, with a brown, bright face,
looking what he was—the son and heir of a wealthy
squire, with more strength of body than of mind, and
more heart than head. He was speaking.

"Sing another song, Alice, before we land,"
"I can't. I don't feel in the humor to sing," she
answered, pettishly.

"Why, Alice," laughed her brother, "these
people at the Place seem to have affected your
temper already."

"They leave!" exclaimed Alice, giving the rudder
a spiteful twist. "I know that they will be all that
horrid, and we shall have to be polite to them
because they are poor old Mr. St. John's nephew
and niece. I hate such near neighbors!"

"Not very near on a stormy day," said her
brother, glancing across at the stately white
mansion of the St. Johns. "But wait till to-morrow,
sister mine. It's far from fair to condemn people
you have never seen. We shall be very good
friends, depend on it."

"Of course we shall be too friendly with this
white-handed squire and his town-bred sister. Why

did Mr. St. John leave his money to a barrister? A
pretty squire he'll make!"
"Poor Alice! How wroth you are with poor Mr.
Arthur St. John! But steer to the bank, my dear;
we must land now."

"When shall we three meet again—alone?"
asked George Carlyn, echoing Alice's disconsolate
tone as the boat touched the bank.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" returned Walter. "To satisfy
Alice and you, I ought to revive the old family
feud, and turn the *Water Lily* into a gunboat. As
if the change of owners at the Place could affect
us!"

George Carlyn did not answer. He was clever
enough to know and feel his own deficiencies, and
to understand the charm that talent and knowledge
lend to a man. He was without that charm; he
had nothing but his honest heart and handsome
face to win a woman's love; and he feared, in all
the humility of his simple nature, the little hand he
would have given the world to gain might be won
by another—by this silver-tongued barrister who
had inherited the broad lands of the St. Johns.

Joan was waiting for them by the boat-house,
and Sir Walter hailed her gayly.
"Here are George and Alice metaphorically
lynching our new neighbors, Joan—condemning
them without a trial! Too bad, isn't it?"

"What have they done thus to incur your dis-
pleasure?" asked Joan, merrily.
"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.
"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"
"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a
lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the
lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is
very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully
clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young
man's face.
"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the
battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after
all, George."

The stars had faded and the Summer night was
brightening into dawn as Sir Walter and Bruce
crossed the lawn on their early walk the following
morning. The woods were still in shadow, but
above the lark trilled forth his carol in the sun-
shine; and, as the young baronet passed under the
trembling leaves, they caught a newer beauty from
the growing light, and sent the golden glory on, till
the flowers below awoke, the dew-drops glittered in
the radiance and died—a fitting sacrifice on the shrine
of morn—and the great laboratory of nature was
filled with light and song.

Walter followed the course of the river till
he had reached a little glen shadowed by a
mighty chestnut. Here he and Reginald had built
a seat years ago—a rough gnarled seat, carved by
their boyish hands with the Ingledon crest and
the family names—and the baronet sat down to
finish a sketch he was taking of the opposite bank,
which rose, steep and precipitous, from a strip of
sandy beach—a high, rugged cliff, broken into
ravines, where trees had found soil and added the
graceful beauty of their lives to their wild birth-
place. The summit was a great moor, stretching
away to join the plantations of the Place. A road
stretched across it from the ferry just below, but it
was lonely and dangerous along the cliff, and
seldom used.

The two Ingledons had often crossed in their
boat and climbed the cliff, and many of the trees
which Walter's skillful pencil wrought into his
picture were marked by his and Reginald's names.
Memories of the past were woven with each stroke
in his sketch; and the young baronet's handsome
face grew sad as he thought of the changes that
had broken up their happy household.

"What other memories will surround this spot
ten years hence?" he said, half aloud.
As if in answer, the river was rippled by the dash
of sculls, and a tiny skiff shot into view, and
grounded on the beach below.

Only one person was in it—a girl in a dark blue
dress fitting closely to her slender figure. Skill-
fully fastening the boat, she sat down on the bank,
without seeing the baronet or his dog, and took off
her broad-brimmed hat.

Guessing who she was, Walter looked with keen
interest at her face. She was very young, but a
weary look shaded the fire of her dark gray eyes,
and deepened the lines around her handsome
mouth, which told of trouble. There was little
beauty in that pale, resolute face, yet Walter was
seized with a desire to keep it in his remembrance,
and with rapid strokes began to sketch. But no
pencil could give its rare charm, the soul of the
eyes and the sweet sensitive lips. In vain Walter
tried; he could draw nothing but a graceful girl,
with curly hair and a plain, commonplace face.

Vexed at his failure, he flung the picture down,
and the light breeze lifted it and carried it to the
feet of the musing girl. She picked it up, surprised
and puzzled, and rose as Walter came forward,
lifting his hat.

"I beg your pardon; I was sketching the oppo-
site bank, and could not resist the temptation of so
charming a foreground."

"You are an artist, then?" she quietly asked,
looking again at the unfortunate sketch.

"A very poor one, as you may see from the fail-
ure of my present attempt."

"Is it a failure? I think it is like me. I am
judge enough of drawing to know you wrong your-
self," she returned.

"It is your face, and yet it is not like you. Your
face could never be truly drawn, Miss St. John,"
observed the young baronet.

"You know me, then?"
"I have made a guess at your identity," Walter
said, smiling. "We are near neighbors, Miss St.
John. I am Walter Ingledon."

"Are you, indeed? Though I might have guessed
who you were," she rejoined, quickly.

"Shall we waive introductions and formalities of
that sort, Miss St. John, and be friends at once?"
Walter proposed.

"Willingly, Sir Walter. I suppose friendship be-
tween neighbors, especially if so few and far be-
tween, is a sacred institution here—so different
from London?"

"Yes, indeed. And this quiet life will seem
strange to you after having been accustomed to
London so long," rejoined Walter.

"To me? Oh, dear, no! Nearly all my life has
been spent near Salisbury, at school, and as a gov-
erness. I know little of London, nothing of its gay-
eties," she confessed, gravely, as she put on her
hat, adding, "Rowing is one of the accomplish-
ments I have learnt, you see. I rejoiced to see the
river so near our home; I love it already. It must
be very dear to you, Sir Walter."

"It's a bit of home—one of our household gods,"
Miss St. John. We shall find in you a kindred spirit.
My sisters and I are passionately fond of boating,"
he returned.

"I love it dearly, too," she said; "and this river
is so picturesque. Our new home is very beautiful
—not nearly so lonely as my brother thought it
would be. Have you seen him, Sir Walter?"

"I have not had that pleasure. My sisters and I
intend to call at the Place this morning, but I am

glad we have met now, Miss St. John—Fairy Glen
is a fitting spot for the foundation of a friendship
that I trust will prove lasting."

She laughed, her face dimpling prettily.
"It is a pretty spot—like a nook of fairy-land. I
could not resist the temptation to explore it, but I
thought I should be alone with the fairies," she
remarked.

"And I thought that my boyhood's dream was
realized at last, and that I saw a fairy when your
boat grounded on the sand," Walter rejoined, gal-
lantly. "What a capital little boat, Miss St.
John!" he added, looking admiringly at the frail
skiff, the slender sculls of which seemed framed for
the small hands that plied them. "The *Lucy*," the
baronet said, reading the name on the stern—"a
pretty name, Miss St. John."

"My brother named it after me," she explained,
smiling.

"I like the name of *Lucy*," he confessed; "it
was my mother's name. I am glad it is yours."

"I rather like it myself," she remarked, holding
out her hand with a frank smile. "Good-morning,
Sir Walter."

"Good-morning. You will not find it so easy to
return home, Miss St. John—the current is swift
just here."

"My boat is very light. Oh, thank you!" she
said, as he unfastened the boat for her. "Once
more, good-morning."

The little boat darted away almost as swiftly as
it had come, and Walter went slowly back to his
seat under the chestnut-tree—but not to sketch. A
new leaf of life had been turned for them both that
sunny morning—a checkered, wonderful leaf, that
would color all the future with joy or pain. They
were reading its first lines, unconscious of their
meaning—unconscious of the change that had come
over their lives, brightening every ripple of the
river, every gleam of sunshine, playing on the
chestnut leaves above the spot where Walter sat in
dreamy thought.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT think you of your new neighbors by
this time?" asked George Carlyn. He
was in the oak parlor at Ingledon, talking to Walter
and his sisters, about a fortnight after the Ingledons'
first call on the St. Johns.

"Alice has quite forgiven them for being our
neighbors," replied Walter. "They are coming to
spend the evening here, George. I hope you will
like them only half as well as we do."

"You like them very much, then?" questioned
George, playing nervously with a book on the
table.

"We do, indeed," answered Alice. "Lucy St.
John is a dear girl, and the squire is a perfect gen-
tleman. He is wonderfully clever. His conversa-
tion is enchanting, isn't it, Joan?"

"That is the right word," replied her sister; "it
enchains your attention. No wonder you said he
was very handsome, George. His face is a study
for a painter."

George did not answer save by a bitter smile
that went to Joan's heart.

Further conversation on the point was stopped
by Walter's saying: "I promised to cross the river
and take them down as far as Burleigh Meet. Joan,
will you come?"

"No, thank you, dear," she answered.
"Put your hat on, then, Alice; George, you and
I will go."

"I don't care about going," said George, with-
out raising his eyes.

"Eh, George?" exclaimed Walter, surprised.
"I would rather not go."

The young baronet crossed the room and laid his
hand on George's shoulder.

"George, my dear old fellow, what is the matter?
Has anything gone wrong with you—are you in
trouble?"

"Yes, I am in trouble," his friend answered,
shaking off Walter's hand and rising. "I am in
trouble," he repeated, huskily; "leave me to my-
self, Walter."

"To drive yourself mad in your own way? I
thought you would have borne trouble more
bravely, George. Come into the garden, dear boy,
and let's talk it over—come now."

Yielding to Walter's persuasion, George Carlyn
followed him out on to the terrace.

"Now, George, what's the matter? Not home
troubles, I am sure."

"No. There—I must tell you!" he exclaimed,
with sudden energy. "Walter, I love your sister
with a love that is the growth of a life—that is part
of my nature—and now I am going to lose her; I
know it."

"Alice! I never guessed it; yet, brothers in
love, you know how gladly I would have us
brothers in name, George," Walter rejoined, eagerly.
"Faint heart never won fair lady. Tell her
of your love; trust me, Alice will not throw your
heart lightly away."

George stopped in his hurried walk, and spoke
earnestly.

"No, Walter—a thousand times, no. Better for
my life to be desolate than for Alice to give me
her promise and regret it afterwards. I love her
too well to claim her love before she knows her
own heart. I shall lose her—I know it; she is too
bright, too beautiful for me. But better so than
that she should come to despise me when regret is
too late."

Walter clasped his friend's hand warmly.
"You are a noble fellow, George," he said.

At that moment Alice came across the terrace,
radiant in a bewitching costume of blue and white.
She wore no hat, but a heavy crimson rose was
fastened in her dark hair, and she carried a white
sunshade.

"The *Water Lily* not ready! Oh, you lazy fel-
lows! What are you talking about? You look
troubled, Walter."

He answered, with playful seriousness: "I am
awakening from Dreamland to some of the sad
realities of life, Alice."

She looked at him questioningly, a shadow fall-
ing on the brightness of her face.

"Have you any bad news?" she asked, with
agitation.

"No, no, my dear; I spoke partly in jest, yet
there is sorrow enough in the world to make my
words earnest," he returned.

"Like the Egyptians of old, you bring a spectre
to our feast of Summer joy," Alice commented,
lightly. "Sorrow is a word that should have no
meaning on such a day as this—eh, George?"

"No, you are right, Alice. Come, Walter, we'll
get the boat out."

He spoke cheerfully, with a smile on his brave
young face; no wonder Alice never guessed what
secret had been told that sunny afternoon, and
shadowed her brother's face in sympathy for his
friend.

The St. Johns were waiting on the opposite bank,
Lucy in quiet gray attire, with a bright ribbon
knotted round her throat. She held a little curly
white dog in her arms.

"Will you take another passenger, Sir Walter?"
she asked, laughingly; "Floss is very anxious to
go—she loves boating as much as I do."

"He will be a capital addition to our party, Miss
St. John," remarked Walter, as he helped her in.
"What a beautiful little creature!"

Alice echoed her brother's last words as she
welcomed Lucy.

"He was a present from one of my pupils; we
lost her last Summer, poor darling, and she gave
me Floss the day she died."

"Lucy is superstitiously fond of that dog," ob-
served her brother; "I half think she believes in
the transmigration of the little girl's soul into
Floss."

Lucy laughed, but Walter saw how her face
paled with pain, and her sensitive lips quivered.

"I don't believe in the transmigration of souls,"
he said, gravely, "but I dearly love dogs, and
think them near akin to human kind. My brother's
dog is a living memory of him in our home."

"So much depends on constitution," put in Mr.
St. John; "I can't bear dogs; I am afraid of them.
The whole race seem to have a grudge against me.
But, Sir Walter, your mentioning your brother's
name reminds me of a question I wished to ask. I
think I have met Captain Ingledon. Did he ever
travel abroad?"

"About five years ago he spent his leave of ab-
sence on the Continent, chiefly in Spain and Italy."

"Ah, then, I must be mistaken. I met an Eng-
lish officer in Norway six years ago, and I fancied
his name was Ingledon; I must be mistaken."

"It was not Reginald, Mr. St. John. He has
never been in Norway."

"Yes; I am mistaken. I should like to know
your brother. I trust soon to have the pleasure."

Mr. St. John's voice was as soft and distinct as
usual; but he was strongly agitated. He took off
his hat and pushed back his bright hair with a hand
that trembled violently, remarking that the weather
was very warm.

"It will be cooler soon under the shadow of Bur-
leigh Cliff," said Alice. "Have you finished your
sketch of the cliff from Fairy Glen, Walter?"

"Very neatly, dear."

"Ah, there is Fairy Glen!" she exclaimed, as the
boat swept into the shadow of the cliff.

Walter rested on his oar.

"This is the prettiest part of the river. Look
how the water flashes into light around that point,
Miss St. John, and look at those dim blue hills
beyond."

He bent over and touched her hand as he pointed
out the beauties of the scene—the stately woods,
the village in the vale, the uplands, green with
springing corn, and the flashing, rippling river.

All were beautiful—wondrously beautiful; and the
light that never was on sea or land shone in the
eyes that looked.

On the boat swept—past Burleigh Cliff, past
green pastures, where rushes fringed the low
hedges, and haymakers were busy in the sunshine;
on, amid laughter and careless chat, hiding sad
thoughts and feelings too deep for words, the boat
swept, till the banks again grew high and wooded,
and drooping boughs rippled the water as they
waved.

On the left bank the spectators could perceive a
deep narrow vale, green with luxuriant trees.

Beneath their shadow ran a brook, wild and noisy
in its young life, leaping gleefully over the gray
moosy boulders lying in its path, flashing a moment
in the sunshine as the waving boughs parted, dark
with shadows where the leaves were thickest, but
flowing merrily on till, with a rush and a roar, it
dashed down a gray water-worn ravine, and, the
one wild excitement of its life over, mingled with
the river.

This was Burleigh Meet. The boat was fastened
to a tree, and the whole party gladly landed on
terra firma to explore the spot.

"Miss St. John, can you climb at all? A little
way up the vale is an ancient ruin. It is surrounded
by trees, yet some fine roses grow there, living
relics of the past. We call them St. Mary roses,"
added Walter.

"I should like to see it very much," said Lucy,
eagerly.

"Arthur, will you come?"
The squire shrugged his shoulders.

"There is far more beauty in this one spot than
I can fully enjoy. Do you care to wander far, Miss
Ingledon?"

"No," she answered. "Burleigh Meet is one of
my favorite spots. The rush of the water has a
strange charm for me."

"And to me it is a new voice, singing of strange
things. To you it must be associated with myriad
memories; it must be ever speaking of the past.
To me—and Mr. St. John's blue eyes grew
brighter and his voice more earnest as he spoke—
"it sings of the future, and for ever its music will
be linked with one sweet memory—the memory of
to-day."

Alice did not answer. The gay repartee, generally
so ready on her lips, was silent now. Walter and
Lucy had gone on to the ruin. George Carlyn had
strolled moodily away. She was alone with Arthur
St. John. He seated himself at her side on the
great gray boulder, gathering some leaves from the
boughs above, and flinging them one by one into
the stream.

"Miss Alice," he asked, abruptly, "do you
believe in predestination?"

"I hardly know what I believe, save that 'what-
ever is, is right,'" she answered, without waiting to
reflect.

"Ah, that is an easy creed, Miss Alice—I believe
in fate. Who can say to his soul, 'Thus far shalt
thou sin, and no further,' when link by link the
chain of crime fetters him, and he is dragged along
the dark road against his will? A murderer suffers
death, loathed and hated by all; did we know by
what unconscious steps he had been drawn to the
crime—could we read his heart-history—we should
pity him."

In after years those words came back to Alice
with strangely significant meaning. She now an-
swered them lightly and started up.

"I must gather those beautiful ferns, Mr. St.
John. We must not go back from Burleigh Meet
without some ferns."

They had gathered a number when the wanderers
returned, and seated themselves on the gray
boulder to talk. Lucy held a bunch of St. Mary
roses, and she had taken off her hat to fasten some
of the fragrant white flowers in her curly hair.

"It is a most beautiful place—a ruined chapel,
with these roses clinging round it. You should
have gone with us, Miss Ingledon. But perhaps
you have seen it?"

"Yes—but ruins have no interest for me," Alice
answered. "But where is George?" she demanded
presently. "Walter, didn't he go with you?"

"No—of course not," her brother replied, rather
sharply. "Isn't he here? I will go and look for him."

But at that moment the gentleman named ap-
peared on the bank above them. He had been
following the course of the river, he explained, and
had enjoyed his walk extremely.

"George is developing a new love for solitude,"
exclaimed Alice, lifting her eyebrows in pretty
dismay. "He must be writing poetry, or be in love."

"It must be the latter," said Mr. St. John to
Alice, as George silently strode away. "Mr. Carlyn
is not a favorite with the Muses, I should think."

"No, indeed. Poor George!"

"Miss Alice," resumed her companion, "if ever you speak of me in that pitying tone, please forget me, or do not speak at all. I could not bear pity from you. I would rather you would hate me, if you could not love me."

The last words were spoken almost in a whisper, and Alice was saved from responding by her brother.

"Alice, my dear, it is time to move homewards," said Lucy St. John, as the *Water Lily* carried them up the stream.

"I hope you have enjoyed it, Miss St. John," spoke Sir Walter.

"I have indeed. It has been one of the happiest days I ever spent," she answered, with her sweet, frank smile.

CHAPTER III.

JUST three miles from Ingledon, on the same side of the river, was a large village—Castle Dean. Here a tiny gabled building and a long range of wooden platform formed Castle Dean Junction, the nearest railway station to Ingledon, and thirty miles from Islingford, the county town.

Near the station was a more primitive building—Castle Dean Post Office—presided over by a somewhat deaf old lady, whose mind ran in two grooves, tea and stamps.

She was placidly enjoying her morning meal in the little back parlor, when the bell over the front door gave a spiteful peal.

"That's Betsy Martin! Allus coming at meal-times; as if I could help her boy not writing! Lor', is it you, Sir Walter?" she exclaimed, courtesying violently as the baronet came through the shop into the little back room.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Marvel; I am sorry to disturb you. Are there any letters?" he said, in the low, distinct tone the old lady loved.

"Yes, sure, your honor. There's a letter and a newspaper from Master Reginald, I'll lay."

From a mysterious receptacle under the counter she produced the precious envelope. Walter's eyes glided as he looked at the bold, firm writing. The missive was from his brother. It was a short letter, and very sad, for Reginald was in the midst of horror and woe; but he was safe and well, and spoke hopefully of the time to come.

"Have you had a letter from Jack, Mrs. Marvel?" asked Walter, folding the sheet.

"Yes, sir; he's getting better, and hopes to join Mr. Reginald soon. Is Mr. Reginald well, sir?"

"Yes, quite well. He says he misses Jack."

"Lor', does he now, sir? Miss my Jack! Dear Master Reginald! Do you think they'll come home soon, Sir Walter?"

"I am afraid not," said Walter, sadly; "we can only pray for them. Is Tom at home, Mrs. Marvel? I want him to come up to Ingledon. Our boat is out of repair."

"He just went out as your honor came in. He's down at the ferry. I'll send for him, sir."

"Never mind, Mrs. Marvel; I am going that way. Good-morning."

Tom Marvel was fisherman, ferryman and boatwright for Castle Dean and the neighborhood. He was a tall, powerful man, with a voice like the rumble of distant thunder, and a heart like a little child's. He and his brother had been the playmates and confidants of the Ingledons in early days, and they were firm friends still. Jack was Reginald's servant, and Tom would have willingly laid down his life for either of the "young masters."

Walter told Tom of the work he wanted to be attended to, and then talked of Reginald; but Tom Marvel had, evidently, something to say. He took up a hatchet, and, as he spoke, commenced chipping a log of wood that lay beside him.

"Folks say we are going to have a new lady of Ingledon, sir."

"Do they?" said Walter, smiling.

"She looks good and loving both, sir. May I wish your honor joy?"

"If you like, Tom. Folks say truth for once—Miss St. John has indeed promised to be Lady Ingledon."

"She isn't sister to that thin, fair-haired little fellow they call the squire, sir, is she?" inquired Tom, diligently chopping away.

"Why, yes, Tom. Mr. St. John is a very handsome man."

"Is he? I don't know what you call handsome, sir."

"Now Tom," said Walter, laughing, "you have something to say—out with it, man! Don't you like the new squire?"

Tom let his hatchet fall heavily on the wood.

"Sir Walter, he came over here t'other day and talked to me soft and smooth, his blue eyes glittering and dancing all the while; but, says I to myself, 'You are a hypocrite—you are a wolf in sheep's clothing. I wouldn't trust you with the trifling thing I have'—and I wouldn't, your honor! That man hasn't got those eyes and white, cruel-looking hands for nothing."

Walter laughed, half amused, half angry, yet with an uncomfortable conviction that his own first impression of Mr. St. John had been the same as Tom's.

"You would like him better if you knew him, Tom."

"First impressions are warnings from heaven, sir," said Tom, taking up his hatchet. "It's wrong for me to speak against my betters, but you always like me to tell you what I think, Master Walter."

"Of course. Now I must go; my sister is waiting for me. Good-morning, Tom."

Tom looked after him with fond, admiring eyes. "I've warned him," he muttered, as he went on with his work. "I know a bad man when I see one; and that fair-haired squire is one, I'll lay."

Joan was waiting for her brother in the fields that parted Castle Dean from Ingledon woods. After they had read and talked over Reginald's letter, Walter told her Tom Marvel's opinion of the squire.

"It is just mine," she admitted, laconically.

Walter had great faith in Joan's discrimination of character, and her hearty pleasure at his engagement with Lucy had gratified him greatly.

"Why, Joan, you are generally charitable!" he exclaimed, amazed.

"I have no faith in Arthur St. John. With his fair face and all his riches, he is not worthy of our Alice," returned Joan, warmly. "He will not make her happy, though she has given up the noblest heart that ever beat for his sake."

"Heigho! The plot thickens. What do you mean, Joan?"

"Love is awfully selfish, Walter. Have you never noticed the tragic drama being played among us? Poor George Carlyn—it doesn't need a formal engagement to tell me his love is given in vain."

"Love is awfully prejudiced, Joan; your partiality for George Carlyn is the reason of your dislike of poor Arthur."

"It may be," said Joan, after a pause; "I would not be unjust, Walter; but I do not, I cannot, trust Arthur St. John."

"Thank goodness I haven't blue eyes or small white hands," laughed Walter, "for they seem the foundation of your distrust."

"We shall see," said Joan, quietly.

Alice Ingledon was very restless that morning; the house was dreary in its loneliness, and she wandered slowly through the shrubbery into the quiet old-fashioned garden at the left of the house. It was a quaint nook, upon which Time had laid a tender hand, and where the flowers had bloomed and perished for many generations.

With restless steps Alice paced to and fro between the trim box-hedges, pausing now to gather a favorite rose, now a carnation rich as the bloom upon her cheeks, or a spray of fragrant brier. On the south side of the garden was a bank of lavender, bright with purple bloom; Alice paused there, under the shadow of a lilac, the glory of which had departed. She paused, leaning her back against the tree, the sweet perfume of the lavender filling the Summer air. Life was busy all around her; the drowsy hum of the bees, the twitter of the birds, the cooing from the distant dovecote, broke the fragrant silence, and the whisper of the leaves sounded softly through the garden.

Alice never forgot that sunny morning when she stood beneath the lilac; an undying memory was linked with the fragrance of the lavender and the low cooing of the doves.

Footsteps on the path, a soft voice uttering her name, a light hand laid on hers, and the spell of thought was broken.

"Mr. St. John!" she said, surprised.

"They told me you were here. Miss Alice, your modern dress and bright, beautiful living face seem out of place in this ancient garden. I half expected to meet some stately dame in ruff and farthingale, pacing the smooth walks and talking of Drake and Raleigh."

"I love it—this dear old garden," confessed Alice; "I love it dearly."

"So do I," he rejoined, "now that your presence has added its charm to flower and pathway."

Alice laughed rather nervously.

"I mean it," he went on, earnestly. "Our love of home is not for the house or the familiar paths, but for the dear ones that hallow it; and I love this garden now that I have stood beside you here and listened to your voice among these flowers. Alice, will you give me your bright presence in my dreary home? I will not try to tell you of my love. It is too deep for language. Alice, will you give yourself to me for ever?"

The flowers fluttered from her hands to the ground, and their perfume rose up between them, like an invisible barrier. Only for a moment it parted them, and then Arthur St. John was treading the roses underfoot, Alice was clasped tightly in his arms, and his passionate lips were sealing their plighted vow.

Joan and Walter, coming homewards, met the lovers on the terrace. Mr. St. John did not release the hand he tightly clasped, but held the other out to Walter.

"Will you claim me brother by a double title?" he said. "Will you give me Alice, Walter?"

The sweet, earnest voice, the soft blue eyes, the white hand held so frankly out—was there not truth in these? Walter clasped Arthur's hand earnestly.

"You have won her already," he said, with a smile. "Then we shall be brothers indeed."

"And you, Miss Ingledon—can you trust me with the sunshine of Ingledon?"

"We cannot keep the sunshine when it chooses to leave us," Joan answered, looking keenly into the young man's face.

Arthur returned her glance calmly.

"You don't think me worthy of my happiness, Miss Ingledon; well, with a brother's name, I trust to gain a brother's love from you."

"My love is not easily won, Mr. St. John. You are right; I don't think you worthy of Alice."

With these words she followed her sister, who had gone into the house.

Walter smiled at his friend's troubled face.

"Joan's words are always harder than her thoughts, Arthur. She says the worst and thinks the best of every one."

"An uncomfortable habit. I sincerely admire Miss Ingledon; and it pains me to hear her express her dislike," returned Mr. St. John; and then, with a sudden change of tone and manner, he asked, "Walter, why need we delay the happiness of claiming our brides? I am very lonely at the Place. Lucy's heart is here. Suppose we have a double marriage before the Summer has lost its glory?"

"I can have no objection, Arthur; but what will the young ladies say?" inquired the baronet.

"Their consent will not be hard to gain. But Miss Ingledon, Walter—what will she say?"

"She has said her worst, depend on it. Her consent is sure to follow anything we may arrange," Walter answered. "I agree with you, Arthur: long engagements are needless. I wish Reginald were here, dear boy!"

"Should you like to wait for him?" asked Mr. St. John.

"Oh, dear, no! His return is so uncertain. Lucy must welcome him home as my wife."

"I shall rejoice to meet him, my other brother," said Mr. St. John. "Good-by, Walter. I must put my rowing to the test again. I was a long while crossing this morning."

"Let me come with you," said Walter; "I want to see Lucy."

"Oh, thank you; I shall be only too glad to have you. Rowing is a necessity of life here. I wish I were more skillful at it."

George soon learnt the news so painful to him. It was a few mornings after Alice's engagement; he was in the morning-room at Castle Carlyn, talking to his mother and sisters.

"There's somebody coming?" cried George's only brother, a child of ten years, rushing into the room. Somebody that's somebody, I mean—Sir Walter! I shall ask him when he's going to be married."

"Robert, try to behave like a gentleman," his mother said, reprovingly, with a vain attempt at a frown. "Robert has just been heralding your visit," she added to the baronet, as he entered the room. "How are you, Sir Walter. You are almost a stranger."

"Not quite, I hope, Mrs. Carlyn," he replied. "Young ladies, I need not ask how you are. Your bright faces tell me. George, I have come to know what I have done that your visits to Ingledon are so few and far between, and to tell you all a piece of news."

"That you are going to be married!" cried Miss Annie, gayly. "We know that, Sir Walter."

"Queen Anne's dead!" exclaimed Bob the incorrigible. "Tell us the day, Sir Walter."

"It is not fixed yet, Master Bob," answered Walter, with a playful pinch.

"Is the month, may I ask, Sir Walter?" said Mrs. Carlyn.

"The first week in August, Mrs. Carlyn," Walter replied. "But you have not guessed my news. It will be a double marriage. The Place will only change its mistress; Alice is to marry Mr. St. John."

He did not look at George as he spoke. Mrs. Carlyn and her daughters hid their relative's silence by their exclamations; and when Walter had answered all their questions George had left the room.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MISS ZARE THALBERG, who made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, London, last month, as *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," was born in New York on the 16th of April, 1858, and is just on the point of completing her 17th year.

MR. HENRY BESSEMER, whom millions of future passengers across the British Channel may yet have to thank, as the originator of the Bessemer saloon steamboat, for relieving them of the unutterable horrors of sea-sickness, was born at the village of Charlton, Hertfordshire, England, in January, 1813. He early showed a great aptitude for drawing and modeling in clay, and his love and pursuit of the fine arts went hand in hand with his devotion to mechanical invention. His application of machinery to the manufacture of "bronze powder," reducing the cost of producing it from 105 shillings to less than 6 shillings per pound, has yielded him the means of pursuing uninterruptedly a career of invention, during which he has added more than a hundred to the list of British patents. Of the various objects to which these are applied, one stands out pre-eminently—the manufacture of cast-steel. This manufacture, created by Mr. Bessemer, has risen to such importance within only thirteen years, that the finished products made in England of the new material, Bessemer steel, are of the annual value of not less than ten millions sterling. Scientific societies and monarchs in Europe have conferred well-merited honors upon this illustrious inventor, and America has given his name to a new city in one of the important iron districts on the line of the Cincinnati Railroad.

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING who for the last two seasons has created a sensation in London, not only by her rendering of the *Lieders* of German composers, but also as a general interpreter of the national songs of Great Britain, is an American by birth. Her name is familiar to concert-goers in New York city, who will be glad to hear that her marriage on Easter Sunday last will not debar her from continuing her artistic career.

THE "ALEXANDRA," her Majesty's new ironclad warship, was launched, April 7th, at Chatham Dockyard. It has taken three years to build her. She is a masted ship, a broadside ocean-going ironclad, built for speed, and carrying the maximum weight of armor and armament consistent with seaworthy qualities. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other distinguished personages were present at the ceremony of launching. One of our engravings represents the Princess of Wales in the act of pressing the handle of the lever to cut the rope arranged so as to let the great ship go down the slide. Another shows the *Alexandra* at the moment when, after gradually sliding in the water, she turned gently around towards Rochester Bridge and was brought up in deep water.

A CARLIST CHIEF receiving dispatches at a village of Navarre supplies an illustration of one of the innumerable picturesque incidents of the Spanish war.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON'S CHANNEL TRIP.—The defeat of Captain Boyton in his first attempt to cross the British Channel in a Merriman's life-saving suit, was virtually a victory. How serenely he paddles on, feet forward, with a sail like the small mainsail of a miniature yacht, fixed into a tube fastened at the sole of his boot! As day breaks dull and cheerlessly, he signals his conveyer, the *Rambler*, with his fog-horn; a cigar is lit and handed to him, and he will solace himself with it, while, with sail set, he rides more fleetly than ever over the billows, steadily and steering himself with his paddle.

FUN.

A MAN with large feet never stands upon trifles.

THE man who works with a will—The Probate Judge.

DID the minute-men belong to the "Old Sixty-second?"

TO MAKE a drum stick—Set it down on the head of a tar-barrel.

HE was a Warm Spring Indian the moment he sat down on a hot stove.

A NEW doctor was asked what draught should be given to a patient with a broken leg, and he said: "Bone-set tea, of course."

A SEEDY-LOOKING individual was heard to say to a friend: "My dear fellow, can't you lend me a black weskit for a short time? My Aunt Betsy died a few days ago, and I want to take a short mourn."

IN New York when a good fellow dies they get up a big purse for his widow; but in Milwaukee, they just prance around, try to marry her, if she has money, present bills to her never contracted, and beat her out of all the property the lawyers haven't frozen to.

THE meanest man in this city lives on Jackson Street. He cuts the accounts of the Beecher scandal out of the paper every morning and hides them in the Bible, to keep his wife and mother-in-law from reading them. He says they never look in the book, and he tells them the dog chaws the paper full of holes.

"WHERE are you going, anyhow?" asked an irate conductor on the Central Pacific, the other day, to a "beat" whom he had kicked off five or six times, but who always managed to get on again just as the train started. "Well," said the fellow, quietly, "I'm going to Chicago, if my pants hold out; but I'm afraid I'll never get there if you fellows kick me off every five minutes." He was not disturbed again on that conductor's division.

AN army officer was riding across Canal Street, New Orleans, with his orderly, when he came opposite the statue there erected of Henry Clay. Quoth the Irishman: "Does these fellers like a nigger well enough to put a statue of him in the fashionable street of the town?" "That isn't a nigger, Tom," replied the officer; "that's the great Clay statue." "Might I look at it?" asked Tom. Receiving permission, he rode up close to the statue, climbed upon the pedestal, and examined the figure carefully on all sides. Returning he exclaimed, with every appearance of disgust, "Did they tell you that was clay, sir?" "Yea," replied the officer. "Well, it's a lie; it's iron."

HERMANN, the celebrated magician, was married recently. And his wife doesn't have to get up at daylight to go to market. When she wants a dozen of eggs she simply hands her husband the empty egg-bag, and he produces them by sleight-of-hand; then he cooks an omelet in a burrowed hat, and converts a can of sawdust into that much white sugar, and a similar cup filled with chipped paper changed into hot coffee; then he takes the same hat, stirs up its emptiness with a magic wand, and presto, change! out comes a loaf of bread, a fresh shad, two pickles, one pie, a bucket of coal, a dish of hash with natural hairs in it, and a half-dozen knives and forks. This is much cheaper than going to market. But Mrs. Hermann is not happy. When her husband wants a gold dollar he mysteriously picks it off the end of his wife's nose. And she is dissatisfied because she can't perform that trick herself.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A FIRE occasioned great damage to the Union League Club House, New York. The Louisiana Legislature adjourned. More raids into Texas from Mexico were reported. The corner stone of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead was laid at Atlanta, Ga., on the 26th, in the presence of ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers. Postmaster-General Jewell canceled a number of fraudulent postal contracts. Two passenger trains on the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad were wrecked on the 26th. The Interior Department decided to offer for sale the Cherokee Indian strip of 300,000 acres in Kansas. Mr. Rublee, United States Minister to Switzerland, was directed to act as our delegate to the meeting at Berne, to exchange ratifications of the General Postal Union Treaty. The remains of Mayor Barrett of St. Louis were buried on April 27th. Monday, April 26th, was the fifty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Odd Fellowship in the United States, and was generally observed. The *beretta* was conferred upon Cardinal McCloskey by Archbishop Bayley at the Cathedral, New York. Chevalier Von Postel, the New Minister from the Netherlands, was introduced to the President. Carl Schurz was tendered two complimentary dinners and a serenade in New York previous to sailing for Europe. Dr. Jagger, of Philadelphia, was consecrated as Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio on April 28th. Ex-Judge Edwards Pierrepont was appointed Attorney-General of the United States. The greater part of the city of Oshkosh, Wis., was destroyed by fire on April 28th. A fire in Shelbyville, Ky., the entire library of Audubon, the great naturalist, was destroyed. The United States were charged by Canada with violating the Treaty of Washington by imposing a duty on packages of fish imported from Canada. The criminal features of the Civil Rights Bill were declared unconstitutional by Judges Brooks and Dick, in North Carolina.

FOREIGN.

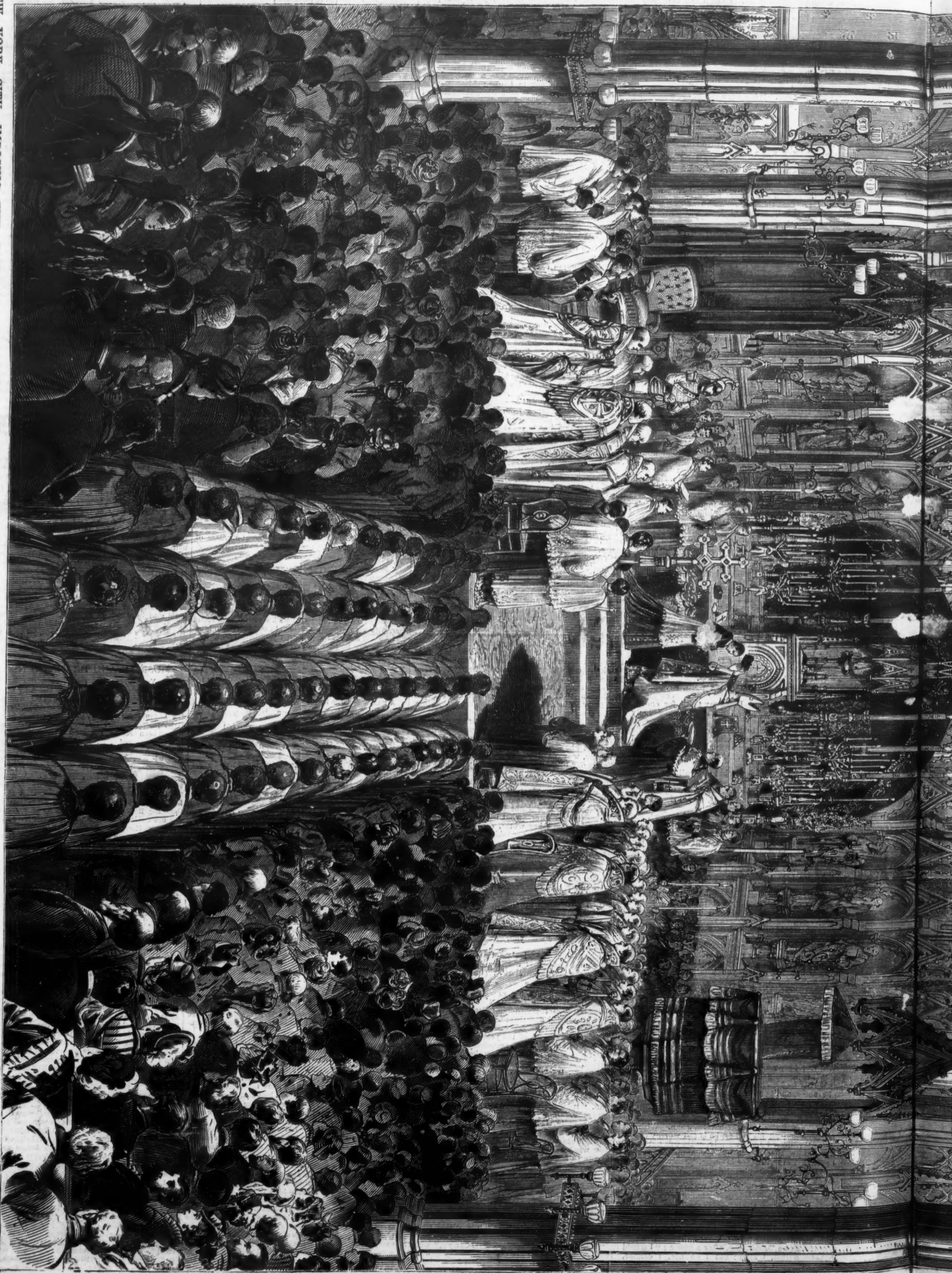
THE King of Greece began concentrating troops at Athens to prevent election disturbances. A pastoral letter against Spiritualism was issued by the Bishop of Toulouse. A revolt in La Paz, Bolivia, against the President was suppressed. An international congress on the history of America before Columbus's discovery was announced to meet in Nancy, France, July 22d. Letters of sympathy from the Catholic Bishops of Great Britain to those of Germany and Switzerland were published. Heavy frauds in the customs were discovered in Valparaiso. Paul Boynton will make another attempt to swim across the English Channel, May 27th. The King of Spain agreed that the German flag should be saluted by the fortifications at Guetaria, in settlement of the *Gustav* affair. A 2,000 guinea race at the Newmarket Spring meeting, England, was won by "Cambrillo." The Prince of Wales was installed as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England in the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the 28th. Legal proceedings were commenced by the Prussian Government for the removal of the Prince Bishop of Breslau for violating the ecclesiastical laws. Emigration from the United States is said to be steadily setting towards Ottawa, Canada. The Belgian Minister of Justice has notified Bismarck that the Belgian Courts are incompetent to institute proceedings against Duchsene, the alleged conspirator against Bismarck's life. Valmaseda is fortifying his headquarters at Colon, Cuba. Belgium replied to the last German note. It is thought that the Communist prisoners who recently escaped from New Caledonia were drowned. A colliery explosion occurred at North Staffordshire, England, on the 30th ult., by which many lives were lost. Messrs. Moody and Sankey were fined, and agreed not to retake Her Majesty's Opera House, in London, for their revival meetings.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

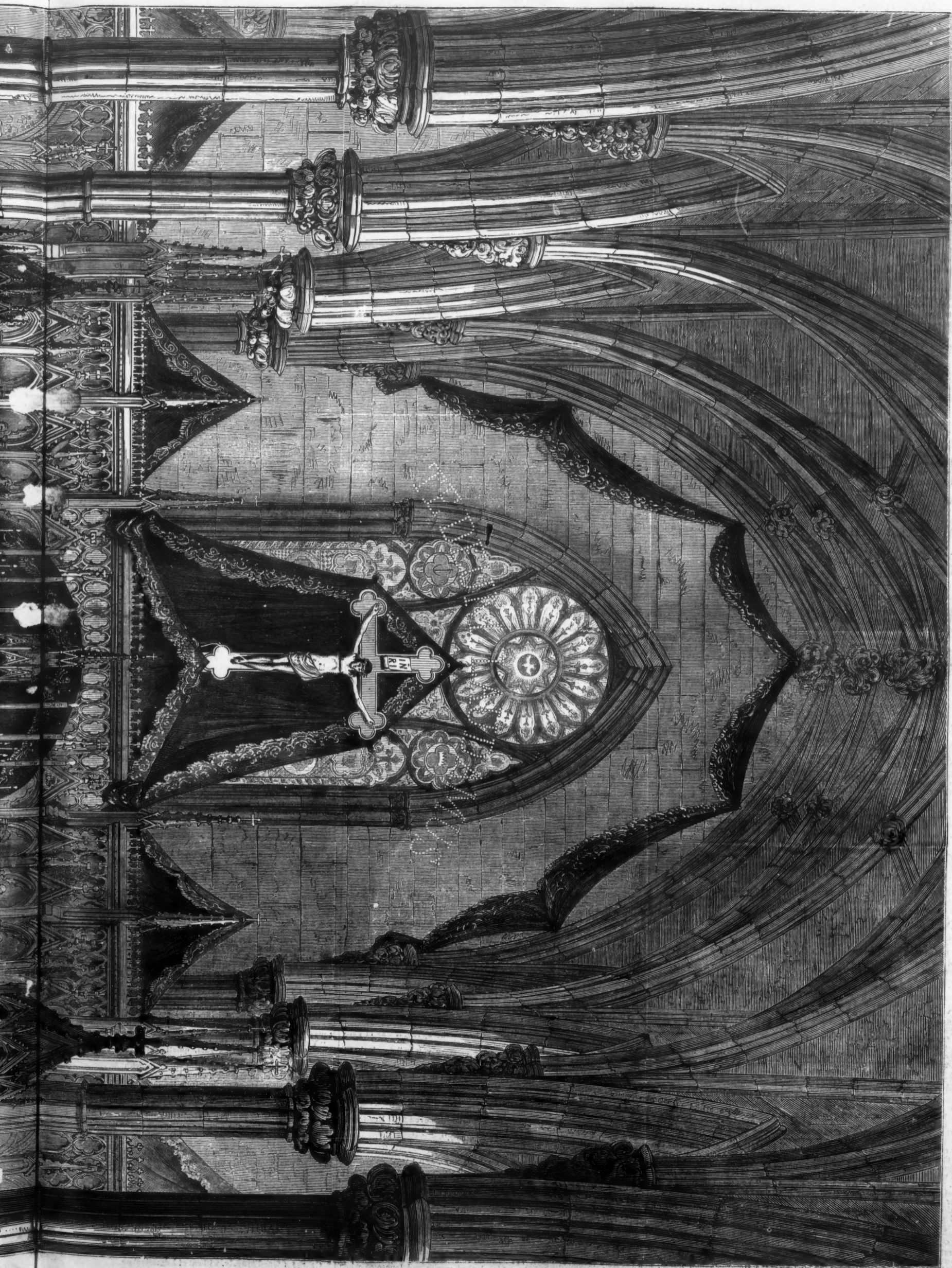
NEW YORK CITY.—The special entertainments for the family of the late Dan Bryant were unusually successful, and it is thought that between \$15,000 and \$20,000 will be the result. This week Mme. Ristori plays at the Lyceum for the last time, being about to settle in Italy. A further lease of the Grand Opera House having been secured, the spectacular play of "Ahmed" will be continued. Miss Neilson began her engagement at Booth's on the 26th ult., with a performance of "Amy Robsart," dramatized from Scott's "Kenilworth." During the Bryant benefit matinee at the Fifth Avenue, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, a minister who does not believe that all actors and actresses are going posthaste to Hades, delivered a noble address. Mr. James Lewis, who has contributed so greatly to the success of the "Big Bonanza," at the Fifth Avenue, will have a matinee benefit on the 5th. "The Road to Ruin," with Mr. Montague as *Harry Dornton*, was on the boards at Wallack's last week. Frank Mayo's engagement at the Park closed on the 1st. It was confined to "Davy Crockett." The *Aimée* troupe, which relinquished the Lyceum to Mme. Ristori, will return to it from Philadelphia on the 10th.

PROVINCIAL.—Mme. Ristori gave two performances at the Baltimore Academy last week. Mr. Maccabe has met with the most pronounced success at Beethoven Hall, Boston. George L. Fox, the original "Humpty Dumpty," appeared at Wood's, Cincinnati, all last week. The Newark (N. J.) Opera House was crowded two evenings, the "Two Orphans" being the attraction. Miss Cushman performed in "Macbeth" and "Meg Merrilies" at Ford's Opera House, last week. Joseph Jefferson began a brief engagement in the Boston Theatre, on the 3d, with "Rip Van Winkle." Mrs. Thomas Barry sustaining the rôle of *Gretchen*. Mme. Janauschek had a season at De Bar's Grand Opera House, St. Louis, last week. Charles Fechter appeared at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 25th ult., as *Eugé Blas*, and took a benefit on the 30th, when "No Thoroughfare" was given. Gilmore's Band will give six promenade concerts at the Philadelphia Academy, beginning May 10th. "La Fille du Mue Angot" and *Giroflé-Girofla* were presented at the Olympic, St. Louis, last week. Two very successful subscription concerts were given in the Grand Hall of the Industrial Exposition Building, Newark, N. J., last week, by Miss Kellogg.

FOREIGN.—"Don Giovanni" with Mlle. Thalberg, daughter of the pianist, in the rôle of *Zerlina*, was produced at the Covent Garden, London, before an immense audience. The lady is but seventeen, and possesses a pure soprano voice. At Her Majesty's Theatre "Martha" has been given. Signor Brignoli appeared for the first time in eight years before an English audience, and his *Lionelli* was the event of the opening night. Prof. Joachim, of Berlin, will conduct the Schleswig-Holstein musical festival at Kiel, on the 4th and 5th of July next. It is proposed to build a memorial theatre to Shakespeare in his native town. Sims Reeve's annual benefit is fixed for June 28th, at St. James's Hall, London, and Nilsson has promised to assist. Mr. Reeves is very ill. A new opera, entitled, "La Filleule du Roi," has been produced in Brussels, with a success surpassing that of the introduction of "La Fille du Mue Angot." M. Vogel is the composer, and M. Corson, the author of "Les Deux Orphelins," the librettist. All the leading actors and actresses of London and vicinity, petitioned Salvini to give a day performance of "Otello" for their special delectation, and the Italian tragedian announced his gratitude by a prompt compliance, on the 19th ult.



NEW YORK CITY.—IMPOSING THE CARDINALS BERRETTA UPON HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, APRIL 2ND
SCENE AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN MOTT STREET.—See Page 159.



MY PICTURES.

BY S. K. PHILLIPS.

It is not in the storied corridor
Of the old ancestral hall,
Where the belted knight and the lady bright
Smile from the tapestried wall;
Where a Gu de's tender radiance shows
By a Rubens' gorgeous hues,
Or the stately grace of a Vandyke-face
By the soft slow glance of a Greuze.

Drawn on no earthly canvas,
By no mortal pencil limn'd,
Ne'er glorified by an age's pride,
By no poet's pean hymn'd;
By the quiet hush of the Winter's hearth,
Or the breathless nights of June,
Are my pictures seen by the firelight's sheen,
Or framed by the silvery moon.

They rise around me, one by one,
The lost, the changed, the dead;
I see the smile I knew erewhile
On the sweet lips dewy red;
The soft dark eyes flash love for me,
The soft curls gleam and wave,
Till I half forget how my life sun set
'Neath the yews by a lonely grave.

I see white robes and blushing flowers,
And two close side by side;
Nor think how deep is the bridegroom's sleep,
As I watch him clasp his bride.
I look in the gentle mother's face,
Till her blessing is breathed again;
While the father's eyes, strong, true, and wise,
Call counsel and calm to pain.

I seem to smooth the golden curls
Toss'd back from the child's pure brow,
And prize them as then, though the whirl of men
Has smirch'd their glitter now.
The first friend's form moves joyously
Out through the dusky air,
In its frank fresh truth, as when hope and youth
Set a royal signet there.

Naught fades my portraits' living lines,
No flecks or sun-stains fall;
No time corrodes, no thick dust loads
Their beauty with its pall.
Painted by memory and love
For my waiting life and me,
My pictures will shine till in light divine
Their deathless types I see.

THE

Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THREE days had passed away, and George and I had nearly, but not quite, finished making wonderful discoveries of things new, useful, or beautiful, about the house and gardens—had nearly exhausted the subject of our wonderful bridal dinner-party, and our guests, and all their good wishes, and their praises and admiration of our abode: of how eloquent poor little Mr. Mainwaring grew on the subject of domestic happiness, and of how Miss Mainwaring, who kept house for him, didn't half like it; of how Doctor Kingsley laughed at him, and told me something relative to Miss Emily Glynn, the second youngest with the blue eyes; of how glad Mr. and Mrs. Glynn were to see George, and how poor Mrs. Glynn cried in my dressing-room, afterwards; of how Louisa was positively brilliant, and laughed at Mr. Herbert Glynn's jests and compliments until they both grew quite noisy; of how gentle, and amiable, and charming Lady Cecilia was, and of how merrily she told the story to a select audience of Mr. Mainwaring's being nearly frightened out of his senses by her communication to him in the matter of the special license which he had to procure at her bidding; and of how she called George by his Christian name when she bade us good-night, and kissed me as fondly as a mother might, telling me that she meant to keep a strict watch over me lest I should spoil my husband by over-petting. All these subjects and many more we had talked over until we had talked ourselves out, for a brief space at least, and were sitting in that pleasant, sunny embayed window looking seaward, where George's books and papers, his pipe and long-range telescope, lay on the cushioned seat beside us, and presently, bethinking me of the history which that window possessed for me, I told him of the first day that, sitting there and thinking of him, I had seen Lady Cecilia, and from that went on to speak of, or rather to talk over, with him the strange, unaccountable knowledge she had seemed to possess of myself and my affairs; and George listened with a rather grave and incredulous look whilst I spoke.

"My dear, I don't believe in astrology, or mesmerism or animal magnetism enabling her to do any of those things," he said, quietly. "Landsmen say sailors are superstitious; and perhaps they are—that is, they know and believe in things which others refuse to know, or, knowing, refuse to believe. 'Those that go down to the sea in ships' see so many mighty wonders that belong to this world, that sometimes their imagination becomes strong enough to discern, and their faith clear and simple enough to credit, the revelation of wonders belonging to another world. I know," George continued, in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself, "that there have been incidents which could be accounted for by no theory of any known law, which no one could explain"—he stopped abruptly, but presently resumed in his former tone—"but, as to Lady Cecilia's mysterious knowledge, I think that can be accounted for satisfactorily enough. She is no magician, dear, but a clever and very eccentric woman, with a mind filled with strange, morbid fancies, possessing quick sympathies, a powerful will, a lavishly generous disposition, and wealth enough to enable her carry out its impulses. Your fate and welfare became an object of interest to her, and she spared neither time nor labor nor money to enable her to prosecute her research concerning you. So she became acquainted with all the facts of your history, which you thought so few knew of, but which in a few weeks could be easily gleaned by any person of keen detective powers. Her Spanish servant, Juan Perez, traced me every stage of my journey from Cape Town to Calcutta and home again, and was waiting at Southampton when I landed, and accompanied me every foot of the way to this house; so it would not be very strange if the incidents of your daily life came under his cognisance and his mistress's also."

"I never saw him in my life until about a week since," I objected; "besides, George, that theory doesn't explain everything, nor half everything. How, for instance, could she know about the furniture, and—oh, several things. No, you can't explain it."

"Can't I, dearest? Then I won't," retorted George, gayly. "But, to change the subject, do you know that eight bells, afternoon watch, went long since? I have a faint idea that we used to dine—Belay there! One of your reef-points has given way, Mrs. Allan."

"George, dear, I am the most stupid woman alive!" I ejaculated, penitently, picking up the "reef-point," which happened to be a couple of yards of mauve ribbon velvet which had clasped and enwreathed my muslin sleeve in a most artistic manner—"reefed my jib-sail," George termed it. "I never once thought of telling Jane about the sauce for the fish. I must run down to the store-room and give her out the eggs, and oil, and different things. Oh, George, are you hungry?"

"Starving," cried George, in a weirdly hollow voice, following me down-stairs to the store-room, where he got astride of a beer-barrel and called in stentorian tones for grog, ship's biscuit, pea-soup, boiled pork and salt beef, whilst I gave bewildered orders to my servant, who meanwhile was giggling convulsively at the master's fun.

"Jane, pray don't overboil the eggs," I entreated. "George, dear, stop a minute—I can't find the Lucca oil."

"Why, I saw you stow it away on the middle shelf just now," said George, jumping off the beer-barrel to assist my search.

In extracting the bottle from the nook wherein I had unconsciously placed it, George pushed back a candle-box against the wall, which was paneled in dark-painted woodwork to about four feet from the ground, the upper part of the wall being washed with a pale buff.

"That paneling of a store-room is a tidy idea," said George, contemplatively. "Lockers and all such sort of things, stowed away so neatly, keep everything ship-shape. Have you many of them, Gwendoline?"

"Many of what?" I returned.

"Why, lockers, cupboards—whatever you call them. There's one within the paneling."

"A cupboard there? I never knew it!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "This is another discovery, George. No, dear, there's nothing there—never was. I could not imagine what you were talking about."

"I am talking about something in the shape of a recess being inside that," said George, demonstratively, giving the wood a smart blow, which certainly elicited a hollow sound in return.

But, as all our efforts failed to discover any trace of door or aperture in panels or molding, George was about to relinquish the attempt, almost agreeing with me that perhaps it was an old press or fireplace paneled over—a neat little stove in the centre of the room supplying that want—when he suddenly asked me for a lighted candle, and, having brought it, he held the flame almost level with the floor, dropping grease in a fearful manner as he did so.

"There is a current of air blowing in," he said, decidedly; "this is neither a walled-up cupboard nor a fireplace, Gwendoline. There is no sign of a chimney outside or inside."

"George, George," I cried, breathlessly, "it might be a—door."

"It is a door," returned George, laughing, as he slanted the candle over the lines in the molding; "but what is behind the door is the puzzle."

"George, darling," I said making a rather futile attempt to raise him from his knees and drag him away, "there might be something; we had better let it alone. We don't know what might be there, George."

"But I mean to find out, Mrs. Allan," George persisted, passing his fingers backwards and forwards over the molding, pressing it in and out, and up and down, whilst I crouched behind him, and, although George had no knowledge of the fact, held a tight grip of his coat.

"George," I began, presently, "I should not wonder if there were something in this room. I never heeded it, but Margaret, my servant, used to say she heard noises here two or three times; and once she said—don't laugh, George—she said Lady Cecilia came into this room and—vanished."

"Indeed!" said George, with a dry smile; and then, without looking up, whilst he industriously beat the floor and skirting, and hurt his poor dear hands with knocking with his knuckles, he added, "Don't you think, Gwendoline, that that explains pretty well her mysterious familiarity with your house and furniture?"

"But, George, dear, do you think she actually used to—Oh-h, George dearest! Take care! Gracious mercy!"

The words were uttered almost hysterically at the sight before my eyes.

With the aid of the candle, George had discovered a trace of an aperture in the skirting, and, after manipulating it in various ways, he at length tried to press it down, when, at the first attempt, a portion of the skirting, about three feet in length, sank down into the flooring, as it were, leaving an oblong, narrow aperture. And then, on a second pressure of George's hand against the panel, it revolved swiftly back, revealing to our astonished gaze a low, narrow doorway or opening about four feet in height and three feet in width, beyond which, in the intense gloom, nothing was visible save three shallow stone steps, leading down somewhere into a mystery of darkness.

"A secret passage leading down to cells or dungeons, or something of that kind, formed in the 'good old times' when the Abbey was an abbey, and

'A friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beads,'

as your old ballad has it," said George, excitedly, picking up the candlestick and stepping into the mysterious aperture without more ado.

"Need I say that I exercised my wifely authority—as a good wife should on certain occasions—and that George found himself dragged back into the middle of the room, and the candlestick snatched out of his hand, and that I stood before the dark secret doorway, panting with fright and determination, in less than the twinkling of an eye?"

"You go in there," I gasped, "down to cells and dungeons, and mercy only knows what, before you know what may be concealed there! George, you may pull me limb from limb—"

"I prefer that you should remain as you are; it is more convenient," George interpolated. "Give me the candle, dear; I only want to look. Gwendoline, love, don't be foolish."

Afraid of annoying him, I most unwillingly relinquished the light, and George, after first looking the store-room-door inside, and securely fastening back the panel, stepped briskly in and went down step after step, the candlelight glimmering on the flagged sides and roof of the stairway, until we—I need hardly say that I had followed him—had lost

sight of the last gleam of daylight and had counted twenty-six steps.

"Here the steps end," George announced, "and a long, narrow, sloping passage begins. Gwendoline, you are frightened! My darling, there is nothing to fear."

"Oh, George," I said, fairly crying, and shivering violently, "I know that panel will shut, and we shall never be found until we are starved to death."

"Well, we will go back, my dear; the exploring of an underground passage is not worth distressing you about."

"No, no, George, I will not be a coward," I said, bravely—(N.B. I had got a glimpse of the upper daylight and the aperture securely open)—"only my heart is throbbing so horribly."

"Poor heart!" George put down the candlestick and transferred his attention to me for a few moments, after which I grew less timorous, and, without any outward manifestations of fearfulness, followed my liege lord and the candlestick along what seemed an interminable length of narrow flagged passage, without break or opening.

"I don't believe it has any end," said I, gloomily; "we may be walking in some kind of a maze. It's going deeper and deeper, and getting smaller and narrower; the roof is just touching your head, George, and the air is growing damper and colder. Oh, George, don't you think we ought to turn? The fish will be spoiled; and I know Jane has the golden sauce made long ago."

George burst out laughing, but put the candlestick down again, and again transferred his attention to me.

"Just see where this ends, Gwendoline; it isn't worth while to turn back. Didn't I know? Here are steps to the upper world again."

"You don't know where they may lead to," I muttered. "George, pet, let me go first. I know it's into some old vault or condemned cell—perhaps a torture-chamber."

"It leads nowhere, as far as I can see," said George, running up the steps blithely; "there is nothing but great flagstones overhead and all around."

"I knew it was a vault," I responded, in a sepulchral tone; "I smell coffins, George! Oh, darling, do let me kiss you; I am getting dreadfully afraid."

There were surreptitious tears of affright trickling quietly down my nose as I spoke, and George was obliged for the third time to put down the candlestick and transfer his attention for a lengthened period to me.

But, as we reached the third highest step, we both perceived a large semi-circular iron bar fitted with a large smooth metal handle, which George boldly seized, and whilst I held my breath, made it revolve to the right, when a square opening above our heads let down what seemed like a flood of daylight.

"Squalls and tornadoes!" ejaculated George.

"Where are we?"

"In the cell in the copse," I said, staring around me in bewilderment, and following George up through the trap-door in most melodramatic fashion. It was the little stone-built cell amidst the ruins in the copse, undoubtedly. The door stood open, and the red flush of sunset which lingered in the western sky glowed through the foliage and filled the cell with a weird brightness. Behind the wrought metal-work chair was the opening in the broad flagstones by which we had come up.

Now I could understand Lady Cecilia's presence so unaccountably succeeding my visit on that stormy Autumn evening the year before. How I shuddered at its memory! And I strove to deprive the candlestick of George's care and attention for the fourth time.

"Wait a minute, love," said George, putting me off in a self-possessed, husbandly fashion, and examining the trap-door anxiously. "I wonder how this thing is to be closed—it will never do to leave it open in this manner."

"Leave it to me," The reply came in Lady Cecilia's calm, proud voice, and Lady Cecilia herself was standing in the open doorway behind us.

We both felt and looked abashed and alarmed, for she was looking haughty and displeased.

"Do not be angry with us, dear Lady Cecilia," I said, tremulously; "we never knew where the passage led to; we made our discovery only half-an-hour ago in the store-room."

"I am not angry," she returned, her brow clearing a little; "but I could wish you had not made the discovery. It will become known now, and must be instantly closed up. I meant to have the end communicating with your house closed permanently, only the person who could be trusted to do it has not been able to attend to it. I dare say you know that I have used this secret passage often in the past, but you need not fear my prying presence any more—you do not need me now."

A slight sorrowful smile struggled over her face, which was wan and very sad; and George, like the dear darling of a manly, simple-minded, tender-hearted fellow he always was and is, forgetting her rank and pride and distance, and speaking from the impulse of his kindly, grateful nature, went up to her and took her attenuated white hands in one of his.

"She needs you, and I need you—we shall need your presence, need your advice; we can never, in happiness or sorrow, fail to need the best and most nobly generous of friends," he said, with faltering voice. "Where might I be—where might she be—but for you? You know her better than your words would imply; and you know your name and memory will be dear to our children's children."

The magnetic influence of the strong, manly emotion wielded its power over her; she stood silent, with drooping head, whilst George addressed her, and when at length she spoke, it was in half-whispered, uncertain utterance.

"It must be the memory you will teach them, then," she said, sadly, turning away.

"Dear Lady Cecilia," I asked, timidly, "will you not spend the evening with us? George and I will be so glad—we are just going to dinner. Do, dear Lady Cecilia. George, ask her."

"You think, of course, that George's request could not be possibly refused," she said, smiling. "No, dear, not now—not this evening. Keep your happy dual solitude whilst you can, amigos mios. You do not need me now."

CHAPTER XXV., AND LAST.

IT was true that in the halcyon early days of our union we needed no one—how could we, who were all the world to each other? But we did not suffer the natural, engrossed selfishness of wedded lovers to make us thankless and forgetful. Many an hour she who had been our friend, so disinterested, so patient and true, spent with us in the home she had given us—often as the long Winter evenings drew on apace, until her pale face, brighter and calmer than of old, and her dark flowing draperies, came to fill an accustomed seat at the bright fireside, which looked empty and lonesome when she was not there; although she seldom spoke much, but liked to sit there listening to George telling stories of the sea, or to me playing or singing. Beat

of all, she seemed to sit silent, and partly in the shadow of the banner-screen, looking at George and me playing chess or games of cards; or at me busy with my sewing-machine, or with some housekeeping achievements, and George making up accounts and discussing business matters with me; for by Mr. Glynn's advice George had rented some farm lands a couple of miles outside St. Omar's, and, by taking care of them himself, and having them put in order for Spring crops, found plenty of employment. By-and-by, if things went well with us, we might purchase the land, and George find a place in the ranks of the agriculturists of the rich eastern counties. For George would go to sea no more; even if by any possibility he could have made me yield consent to the cruel, dreary separation, the loneliness and anxious pain by day and night which any prolonged absence of his would have caused me now, he would not have elected to take the chance of another voyage again, on account of his health. It would be years before my husband would be a strong man again, if he ever would be; and even in that first happy year of my married life I had many a sad hour, looking at his pale face and eyes dim with suffering, and his languid form prostrate with renewed attacks of fever and torturing headache.

One bright warm morning towards the end of Spring I went up to the Abbey to speak to Lady Cecilia about him, and the advisability of his going to London to consult some high medical authority.

"He does not seem to get any better; he is worse these last three weeks, decidedly. Aunt Sophia came to see us yesterday, and she said she had never seen any one who was not in consumption looking so bad—she does not try to soften hard truths," I said, striving to restrain myself and speak distinctly.

"Miss Wymond does not like you to forget her existence, or to drink the cup of life without plenty of wholesome bitterness in it," observed Lady Cecilia, smiling scornfully. "The time of year is trying to persons in delicate health, Gwendoline." Then, looking fixedly at me, she said, "There is something else distressing you—some new anxiety since I saw you last."

"No, no," I stammered; "nothing new; only—" and then I quite broke down. "Oh, Lady Cecilia, I know I shall lose him! I know he is dying! I must give him up again; my George will never live, perhaps, to see his child! I have thought so long, and—last night I had a warning."

"A warning, Gwendoline? Hush—don't cry any more. Poor woman! Like most true love, yours has been born and nursed in sorrow, but your hour of sunshine and peace is to come yet."

"If Heaven wills! But, Lady Cecilia, I am afraid my heart grows cold with dread of what Heaven may see fit to take from me—George's health, or reason, or life."

"My dear, I do not fear that either his life or reason is threatened," said Lady Cecilia, gravely. "Tell me what you mean by what you said just now about a 'warning.'"

"That dream again—that same dreadful dream," I responded, shuddering; "you remember, Lady Cecilia, I told you the night I slept in the Blue Room in the Abbey."

"But, if you recollect, that dream was a portent of good, and not of evil," said Lady Cecilia, with a smile. "My dear Gwendoline, it was in order that you might dream that dream over again, as well as to supply the new furnishing of the Blue Room of Grayfriars Lodge, that I put you to sleep there that night. I knew that your dream that night, from the impulse of the old favorite accessories of surroundings, would contain events of your past life, and possibly a foreshadowing of what was to come."

"Ah, but you do not know," I said, shivering in the warm sunshine. "George told me something yesterday. We were walking about the garden and yards, and we stopped to sit down and rest in the coach-house yard, where the hay-rick is; and it reminded us both so much of that morning years ago—the morning of the day George went away to sea—and I spoke of the ominous dream I had that morning, and how George laughed at me and made light of it; and he said, 'Yes, I laughed, but I believed it to be a portent of sorrow and danger all the same; many times afterwards did that dream recur to me, and once, one evening, I had cause to remember it.' Lady Cecilia, he told me—people would say it was nothing but a sailor's superstition—but George told me that one evening—a bright, still, hot Summer evening—when they were off the West Coast, the day they came to anchor at the mouth of the Gaboon River, he, Captain Laird and poor Harry Glynn were on deck. The captain had just lowered his glass after a long survey of the coast-line in the distance, and George and Harry were looking over the ship's side down into the water. They had seen several sharks in the forenoon, he said, when suddenly a dark shadow, coming from they knew not where, seemed to fall over them and the quarter-deck where they stood, and something—they knew not what—swept past them—a black outline, like that of a gigantic bird—so near that all three started back involuntarily. In a moment it had passed, and there was nothing either landwards or seawards to be seen but the calm unruffled ocean, the sultry sunset haze, and the distant misty outline of the coast. 'What was that?' George exclaimed. 'Did you see that, Harry?' And Harry Glynn, looking puzzled and startled, said 'Yes.' But, when they turned to look at Captain Laird, his pale face was quite white, and he was leaning, as if for support, against the rail. 'I've seen that before, my lad,' he said, huskily—I am sorry to see it now,' and he went below to his cabin. He said no more on the subject to them; but, when he was taken ill three days afterwards—he was the first to be taken ill and die—he said to George, 'It's all over with us, Allan—the ship has met her fate. When we saw that on deck three days ago, I knew it was the doom of the Albatross.'"

"Your dream was but the result of renewed reminiscences," Lady Cecilia said, quietly, after a long interval. "It was scarcely likely that so strange and terrible an incident in your life, with its succeeding circumstances, could be quite obliterated in a short space of time from the memory, the dreaming memory which recalls the events of ten or fifteen years as if they were but of yesterday. As to the omen of the doom of the Albatross, who shall say? Who knows the mysteries of the universe any more than the mysteries of men's lives, and the profounder mysteries of the souls and spirits of men?"

But the higher comfort and assurance to which she might have directed my anxious, troubled spirit—she was—she spoke not of, she knew not of.

I went home sorrowful, cast down, overburdened with superstitious dread and sick, anxious apprehension; and fear and sadness were both apparent in my miserable face as I sought out George, who was sitting reading in the orchard.

Little by little he led me on to talk of what was distressing me—it was weak and selfish of me, I know, but I felt some kind of wretched fascination for the story of that dark time in our lives.

George listened gravely, without either ridiculing or making light of my nervous misery, and then, after a pause, he looked up earnestly at me, and drew me close beside him.

"My wife, we can neither foresee nor foretell, I believe, except that at odd times strange manifestations are made apparent; why, mortals cannot declare—as warnings, they generally come too late. There is only one way in which our anxious hearts can find relief—and that is to leave it to the One who knows all things. Let us leave it to God, my love."

And I tried as George said—my darling was ever better and wiser than I—to leave it all to Him who had afflicted and who had healed, who had broken and bound up again, and the dreaded portent of that evil dream was never more than a vision of troubled sleep—not even when, two months later, I feared in my weak faith and trembling heart that the warning had been for me, and that I must give up my beloved ones—my husband, and the new treasure of my baby daughter—and go away from them for ever in this world; yet Heaven, whose goodness I had doubted, raised me up again, and has spared me even to realize that fond vision of other days—to hear the quiet house and shaded gardens alive with the merry ringing voices of George's fair-haired children—to see my home a bright and pleasant one, from the "golden milestone" of whose happy freestone and loving family circle our children shall, we trust, measure

"—Every distance

Through the gateways of the world around them."

And that home-circle is large and happy enough to inclose within its bounds the lonely life and desolate heart of her who befriended us in our hour of need, and to whom we make the best and highest return in our power when we give her the love and trust of our children's hearts.

THE END.

HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL.

CARDINAL JOHN McCLOSKEY was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20th, 1810, and is the first priest ever ordained from Long Island. His pious mother who was left a widow when he was only ten years of age, gave him a liberal education, and used every exertion to prepare him for the priesthood. In 1821 he entered the Catholic College of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmettsburg, Md., then under the direction of its founder, the Rt. Rev. John B. Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York. Among his classmates were the celebrated John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; Francis Gartland, first Bishop of Savannah; Charles Constantine Pise, afterwards pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Brooklyn; Bishop Whelan, and Rev. Edward Sourin. He finished his collegiate course in 1827. He was ordained at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by Bishop Dubois, in January, 1834. Shortly after his ordination he went to Rome to receive two years' additional instruction at the fountain-head of ecclesiastical lore. There he attended lectures at the Propaganda, besides pursuing other studies which have made him one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars of America.

On Rev. Mr. McCloskey's return to America, he was appointed to St. Joseph's Church, New York, and when Bishop Hughes opened the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Joseph, Fordham, he became its first president. Within the first decade of his priesthood he was named Bishop of Axiern, in *partibus*, and coadjutor to the Bishop of New York, and on March 10th, 1844, he was consecrated by Bishop Hughes. On the creation of the see of Albany Bishop McCloskey was transferred to that city, and his life for seventeen years was identified almost exclusively with the diocese of Albany, which grew under his care to the most gratifying proportions.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McCloskey was selected as his successor. His installation took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Sunday, August 21st, 1864, his appointment bearing date May, 1864.

During Archbishop McCloskey's administration, his labors have been unceasing and of exceeding fruitfulness. He has reared monument after monument to the usefulness and honor of the Catholic Church, and yet so quietly and silently has it been done, that the toil of the brave-hearted workman has been almost unnoticed. Besides a vast number of churches built in New York city and elsewhere in the archdiocese, the Archbishop has established a protector for destitute children in Westchester, in which upwards of 1,200 boys and 500 girls are cared for and educated, a founding asylum in Sixty-eighth Street, an asylum for deaf mutes at Fordham, home for destitute children and young girls, attached to St. Stephen's and St. Ann's Churches, homes for aged men and women, and new orphan asylums outside of New York city. To direct these institutions, and for the work of co-operation with the secular clergy, he has established communities of Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Little Sisters of the Poor, Franciscan Sisters, a German hospital, asylums and other charitable institutions. He has also labored strenuously to complete the new Cathedral in this city, which was commenced by Archbishop Hughes, and for which the present prelate has given \$10,000 from his private purse.

In personal appearance, the new Cardinal is well calculated to give dignity to the position. He is of a well-formed, compact, erect figure. He has a fine head, and a face expressive of intelligence and benevolence. In his manners he has an easy carriage and a calm affability that create convictions of sincerity and sterling goodness.

THE INVESTITURE.

The ceremony of conferring the *berretta* on Cardinal McCloskey took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, on Tuesday, April 27th. It was the most imposing religious spectacle ever witnessed in this country. The Catholic clergy were determined that the public proceedings which should mark the conferring of the Pope's highest honors upon an American priest should be celebrated with all the dignity and pomp befitting the occasion, and the Catholic community, and in fact many outside of the pale of the Church, considering that a great honor had been done to the American people in the selection of one of our citizens to be a member of the august College of Cardinals, warmly seconded every effort to make the event a grand and memorable occasion.

The Cathedral was beautifully decorated. From the roof of the sanctuary, immediately over the high-altar window, scarlet drapings were suspended, spreading from the middle of the arch to the capitals of the columns on either side. The margin of the hangings, which fell in festoons, was adorned with gold bullion. Drapings of the same style and material stretched from pinnacle to pinnacle of the reredos, throughout its whole extent, around the high altar to the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side of the sanctuary. Directly in the rear of the high altar, extending the width of the altar, and rising at its highest point to the cupola of the tabernacle, was a large crimson screen in the shape of a half-moon, the margin of which was richly embroidered with gold. From this bright background the altar with its lights and flowers stood out in almost startling relief, as did the massive crucifix above from the screen that

draped the high-altar window. The tabernacle was plain white and gold. On its roof stood a brazen crucifix, and behind the crucifix a bed where red and white roses, lilies and pinks, slips of green and flowers of every kind bloomed. To the right and left of the tabernacle were two massive seven-branched candelsticks holding lighted tapers. Lower down were similar branches, somewhat smaller in size. In two brazen vases at each extremity of the altar were two lofty pyramids of flowers, the summits crowned with crosses of crimson blossoms, the centres divided by a cross of lilies. Other vases filled with similar pyramids, though smaller in size, were interspersed between the branches of candelsticks.

Besides the multitude of lights on the high altar, gas jets branched out at intervals from the reredos that surrounds the sanctuary, and the side altars of the Virgin and St. John were illuminated. The pulpit was covered with velvet of a dark red color, fringed and ornamented with gold. The panels of the Cardinal's throne were filled with red velvet, while the dark polished oak of the wood-work was relieved here and there with a gold molding or ornament. Opposite to this throne, on the Epistle side of the sanctuary, a throne had been prepared for Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore. This throne stood on a level with that of the Cardinal, beneath a canopy of dark red velvet. Three steps led up from the floor of the sanctuary to both the thrones. Near the Paschal candle, on the Gospel side of the altar, stood a small table prepared for the reception of the Papal brief and the scarlet *berretta*. The front of the choir gallery, extending across the church over the main entrance, was covered with rich velvet hangings, and from the centre hung the Papal colors with the golden cross-keys.

Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies the neighborhood of the Cathedral was filled with an anxious crowd, but owing to the admirable police arrangements there was no confusion. Before the people had gathered in very large numbers a cordon of police officers had surrounded the whole space, lining both sides of the streets on which the Cathedral stands, extending through Mulberry, Prince, Mott and Houston Streets. None were allowed to pass through these streets unless holding a ticket to the ceremony. Every admission ticket bore upon it the number of the pew in which the holder was entitled to a seat, and this simple arrangement enabled the immense assemblage to be comfortably seated without any noise or confusion.

The interior of the church before the commencement of the ceremonies presented a beautiful and impressive appearance. The sunlight streaming through the colored glass windows, mingling with the radiance from the wax tapers and gas jets, gave a subdued and "dim religious light" to the scene. The gayly dressed spectators silently and quietly entered, and after making the adoration to the cross, took their seats. Among the audience were many of the most prominent citizens of New York. The building was soon filled, excepting the centre aisle and the sanctuary. Suddenly the air was filled with the melodious tones from the grand organ.

While the vast audience were in breathless expectation, Mgr. Roncetti, the Pope's Legate, dressed in a long flowing purple robe, supported by his secretary, the Rev. Dr. Ubaldi, and the master of ceremonies, entered the sanctuary from the sacristy, bearing the *berretta* and the Papal briefs. After making the half-circuit of the sanctuary, they deposited these treasures at the left of the Cardinal's throne. The *berretta*, though carefully covered over, was for a moment disclosed to view. Except when made in the appropriate color, this article, unlike a cardinal's hat, is not peculiar to ecclesiastics of that rank; it is, on the contrary, the ordinary headgear of every priest. Having deposited in the sanctuary the objects of which he was yet the custodian, Mgr. Roncetti withdrew as he came.

In a few moments the doors of the sacristy again opened, and a procession of priests moved out. First came a thurifer with censer, accompanied by an incense-bearer. A cross-bearer, bearing the processional cross between two acolytes with lighted candles, followed. All were dressed in black cassocks and white surplices. An assistant Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. John Salter, came next, followed by 12 acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Then the clergy of New York and other dioceses began to file in, two by two. This part of the procession seemed endless. All wore the plain black cassock, white cotta and black *berretta*. It was not brilliant colors, or vestments, or lights, that rendered this part of the procession so imposing; but the numbers and appearance of the men who composed it. For the most part they were men either young or in the prime of life; and the gravity of their appearance and dignity of movement that attended them lent an air of solemnity to this part of the scene. After leaving the sacristy, the clergy passed along the sanctuary to the middle, and there genuflecting, descended the middle aisle, where chairs had been placed for them, filling the aisle from the main entrance of the Cathedral up to the foot of the sanctuary.

A long pause now ensued. Most of the chaplains were in their places within the sanctuary. The organ had been playing all the time. The pause was broken by the entrance of the archbishops and bishops.

With slow and solemn tread they entered, the lights flashing on glittering mitre and cope. The archbishops took their seats in the front chairs on either side of the sanctuary, and the bishops in due order. By this time sanctuary and church were filled, so that not a bare spot was visible through all the extent of the Cathedral. The sub-deacon, deacon, celebrant and assistant priest followed the bishops and archbishops. The celebrant was the Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, with the Rev. Mr. McGean, of the Church of the Transfiguration, Deacon, the Rev. Mr. Dean, of the Cathedral, Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's, Assistant Priest. Archbishop Bayley, supported on the right by Dr. Foley, and on the left by the Abbé Vallon, followed. The Archbishop was conducted to the throne prepared for him, his attendants standing on either side. A cross-bearer, bearing a magnificent archiepiscopal cross, came next, preceding the Cardinal, who wore his archiepiscopal robes, and was without mitre or crozier. He moved on quietly to his throne, assisted on the right and left by two old and trusted friends, the Very Reverend William Quinn, the Vicar-General, and the Very Reverend T. S. Preston, the Chancellor of his diocese. The Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. J. Kearney, of the Cathedral, accompanied them. They were followed by the members of the Papal Legation—Monsignor Ubaldi in the purple and ermine robes of Ab-Legate of the Holy See, and Count Marefoschi in the full gala uniform of the Noble Guard in the service of the Pope. Dr. Ubaldi was dressed in plain black robes, and took his seat by the table on which were the scarlet *berretta* and the briefs. Count Marefoschi took his position to the left of the Cardinal's throne, where he stood almost motionless throughout the ceremony. Monsignor Roncetti took a seat a little

from the throne on the right. The Mass was then celebrated. At its conclusion all the prelates and clergy seated themselves, and the chief ceremony of the day began. The assistant priest of the Mass, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, invited first the Archbishop of Baltimore, afterwards the Cardinal, to go to the altar. Both the prelates immediately left their thrones and ascended the altar-steps, and stood a few paces apart on their respective sides, the Cardinal wearing only the *zucchetto* or scarlet skull-cap, the Archbishop retaining his mitre.

After the reading of the Pope's brief, and letters to Archbishop Bayley and Cardinal McCloskey, Monsignor Roncetti took the *salver* holding the *berretta* and presented it to Archbishop Bayley. After a brief address to the Cardinal, the Archbishop took the *berretta* from the *salver*, and advancing with it, placed it on the Cardinal's head. The Cardinal then addressed the clergy and the people, after which he retired into the sacristy to assume the robes of his new rank. The superb choir then chanted the "Te Deum." At the close Cardinal McCloskey reappeared arrayed in his scarlet robes, attended by his suite. His Eminence then pronounced the triple benediction by intoning the "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" and "Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini," and turning around, he thrice signed with the cross the kneeling multitude, while he chanted "Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus." The choir answered the paternal prayer with its musical "Amen," and then the great and gorgeous ceremonies were ended. The priests who had filled the aisles of the Cathedral slowly withdrew in procession; the bishops filed away in grave, deliberate order; the archbishops followed in their robes and mitres; the Papal Guard in his startling uniform—the only representative of war in a church dedicated to peace—marched with stately step away; the Legate of the Pope and his attendants passed from before the altar, and last of all the Cardinal, escorted by the Archbishop of Baltimore.

HON. SAMUEL S. LOWERY, N. Y. STATE SENATOR.

SENATOR LOWERY represents the Nineteenth Senatorial District, which is formed of Oneida County, including the city of Utica. He is a Republican in politics, was formerly a Whig, and is one of the purest and most genial members of the Senate. Senator Lowery is a man of unusual energy and good business tact. He is a native of County Down, North of Ireland; was born February 5th, 1831; and came to this country at the age of ten years. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, his ancestors on the paternal side having lived in Ireland from the time of Cromwell, and his maternal ancestors one hundred years. These were all Protestants, and nearly all Presbyterians. He attended the common schools of his native county in Ireland, and later in this country. Being of a studious, determined nature, he early decided to improve every opportunity for gaining knowledge. He obtained employment in a woolen mill at the age of thirteen, and became a skillful and apt workman, and was for a considerable time engaged in machine-spinning and sorting wool. While employed at this work he devised a system of training for himself, by using the wall before him, as he walked back and forth, as a blackboard, on which he mastered a very complete knowledge of English grammar, and some knowledge in arithmetic. In this painstaking way, working day and night, aided by a good memory, and animated by a desire to improve his condition, he soon laid the foundation for a sound practical education, which has since been broadened and increased by a habit of keen observation of men and affairs, until, at the present moment, he justly ranks as one of the most safe, independent, intelligent, and thoroughly trustworthy legislators in the Senate or the State. Whatever Senator Lowery champions in earnest may be safely assumed as proper and right, and is almost certain to command the respect and support of his associate Senators, of all shades of opinion, while standing firmly by his political convictions and party on all questions when it is proper. He spurns all attempts to make him a subservient instrument to aid unjust legislative acts and schemes, no matter from what source they may emanate. This well-known characteristic has secured for Senator Lowery a profound respect among the people throughout the State, and made him a potent power in the Senate hardly second to that of any other member of that body. Senator Lowery, although of opposite politics, is an earnest supporter in the Senate of all Governor Tilden's reform measures.

Mr. Lowery is engaged in woolen manufacturing in Utica, and has a large force of operatives constantly at work, and makes a great sacrifice of personal interests in obedience to the wishes of his constituents by consenting to serve them in the Senate. He is one of the comparatively few men who are sought for to fill office by their constituents, and who never seek office, but are, nevertheless, always ready to perform all the duties of good citizenship. His example is one to be studied and followed by the youth of the State and country, and affords an impressive example of what unaided manliness and intelligent independence of character can achieve by faithful, persistent and honorable effort.

Mr. Lowery was elected to the Assembly in 1870, and served on the Committees on Public Education, Roads and Bridges, and State Charitable Institutions. In 1871 he was elected to the Senate by a majority of 1,591, and in 1873 was re-elected by a majority of 2,829. He is a member of the Finance Committee of the present Senate, and also Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Manufactures. His future continuance in public life on a broader scale will mainly depend on his own option, as it would be impossible to find a more popular representative citizen than Mr. Lowery is where he is known.

HON. ALANSON S. PAGE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.

HON. ALANSON S. PAGE represents the First Assembly District of Oswego County in the Assembly. He is the first Democrat elected from that district in twenty years. He was born at Providence, Saratoga County, in 1825; attended common and district schools until 1841, when he entered Falway Academy, where he remained until 1843, after which he went to Oneida Conference Seminary. He read law in the office of S. & C. Stevens, in Albany. He was admitted to the Bar in 1848, and practiced a short time in Salina. He found the legal profession distasteful, and abandoned it for commercial pursuits. He is a manufacturer and importer of lumber, his principal mills being in Canada, and the distributing point, Oswego. Mr. Page was Mayor of the city of Oswego from the year 1869 to 1872, inclusive, being elected annually. He was elected to the Assembly by a plurality of 376—his opponents being Cheney Ames, Republican, and V. P. Hill, Prohibitionist. The Republican majority in the district in 1874 was 1,175.

Mr. Page is Chairman of the Canal Committee—one of the most important of the House—the duties of which office he discharges with ability. Though a lifelong Democrat, Mr. Page is in no sense a politician. He has never sought office, and has always accepted it with great reluctance. He is a man of good presence, and wins the sincere regard and confidence of all who are brought in contact with him. His personal popularity and recognized probity are such that he commands the votes of all parties in the local contests for the election of municipal officers in Oswego.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR TELEGRAPHY will be held at St. Petersburg on the 1st of June. Twenty-four nations and twenty-four submarine companies are said to have agreed to send delegates to deliberate on a new telegraph convention.

SWEDISH NEWSPAPERS report the discovery of a large deposit of hæmatite iron ore in the district of Nordland, Norway, some fifteen or twenty miles from Bodø, and only about ten or twelve miles from a Norwegian port which is completely free from ice. The analysis of the ore shows that it contains between fifty-four and sixty-seven per cent. of iron, and only a very small percentage of phosphates.

DINOLKE'S POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL contains an account of researches made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, on tobacco-smoke, which he finds contains constantly a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide. The after-effects of smoking are said to be principally caused by this poisonous gas, as the smoker never can prevent a part of the smoke from descending to the lungs, and thus the poisoning is unavoidable. The author is of opinion that the after-effects are all the more energetic, the more inexperienced the smoker is, and he thus explains the unpleasant results of the first attempts at smoking, which are generally ascribed to nicotine alone.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON SILK-CULTURE is to hold its fifth meeting at Milan during 1876. The Committee has sent a programme of experiments to be made during 1875 to all silk-culturists of Europe. This programme treats of the most important questions connected with the keeping of silkworms, the prevention of their diseases, particularly of their "in-civility"; the latter is a disease which has done great damage of late years. M. Pasteur has proposed as a remedy to isolate the deposits of ova into separate cells; but this has proved totally ineffective. However, with investigators like Corralia, Duclaux, Bolle, and others, on this field, it may safely be expected that means and ways will soon be found to prevent any serious diseases from raging among silkworms and their ova.

THE FRENCH are trying to open a regular trade with Timbuctoo and Soudan via Tassalah, the chief city of Touaregs. They have recently conquered the oasis of Goleah, about 600 miles from the coast. It is from that place that M. Paul Soleillet, the enterprising Sahara explorer, will start for Tassalah, having to march the distance of only 900 miles. The colonization of Algeria has recently received a strong impulse from more than 10,000 Alsace-Lorrainers having settled in the colony. The European population is increasing not only by a sensible flow of emigration, but by the excess of births over deaths. The colonists, exclusive of the army, now number 250,000, while the native population is not more than 2,250,000. The Governor of the three provinces is General Chanzy, who has decided on the institution of three annual fairs to be held in the southern part of the province. Goleah being too far South, a city will be founded for that purpose at about 300 miles from the coast, in the eastern province.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has Bright's disease.

MRS. GEORGE SAND proposes a novel based on the Tilton-Beecher trial, that being the strangest story of which she has ever heard.

COUNT CORTI, the Italian Minister at Washington, is to be removed to Madrid, and succeeded by Signor Blanc. Italy wants her best diplomats to watch the "peace of Europe" on the spot.

THE English aristocracy are anxious that the Prince of Wales should make the proposed excursion to India; but as the trip will cost over a million of dollars, the rate-payers do most earnestly protest.

M. THIERS is good for several decades. His work on "Treaty of Natural Philosophy," which has engaged a portion of his off time during the last thirty years, is nearly finished. When this is off the stocks, he will tackle the Franco-Prussian war.

MISS IDA GREELEY, eldest daughter of the late sage of Chappaqua, was married last week to Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky. Mrs. Smith was her father's "man of business" during the last few years of his life, has traveled extensively throughout Europe, and is a young lady of high culture and retiring habits.

DANIEL McFARLAND, who killed Albert Richardson, was seen on Broadway last week, the merest wreck of his former self. He was acquitted on the charge of murder as being insane. If this was true, some one is to blame for allowing him to stalk the streets where he might play his little game a second time.

CARDINAL MANNING, who is reported in an alarming condition of health, is the son of a former London merchant of much prominence, and is sixty-five years of age. He was brought up in the ultra High Church party, but in 1851 he resigned all his preferments, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, entering the priesthood six years later. He became Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and is now an ardent disciple of the thoroughgoing Ultramontane school.

CARL SCHURZ's trip to Europe recalls a good anecdote of the Emperor of Germany. His father, the king, was obliged to give way before the insurrection of 1848, and the present Emperor fled from Berlin in disguise. Passing through the fortresses of Spandau he stopped at the hotel of a man, afterwards implicated in the pursuit of the deliverers of Professor Kinkel, the chief of whom was General Schurz. When the landlord was being tried, he was asked if he had not been in the habit of harboring political refugees. He replied: "I recollect only two—Professor Kinkel, and another gentleman of high standing, in civilian clothes, who called himself a major, and fled from Berlin in 1848." This other gentleman was the present Emperor.

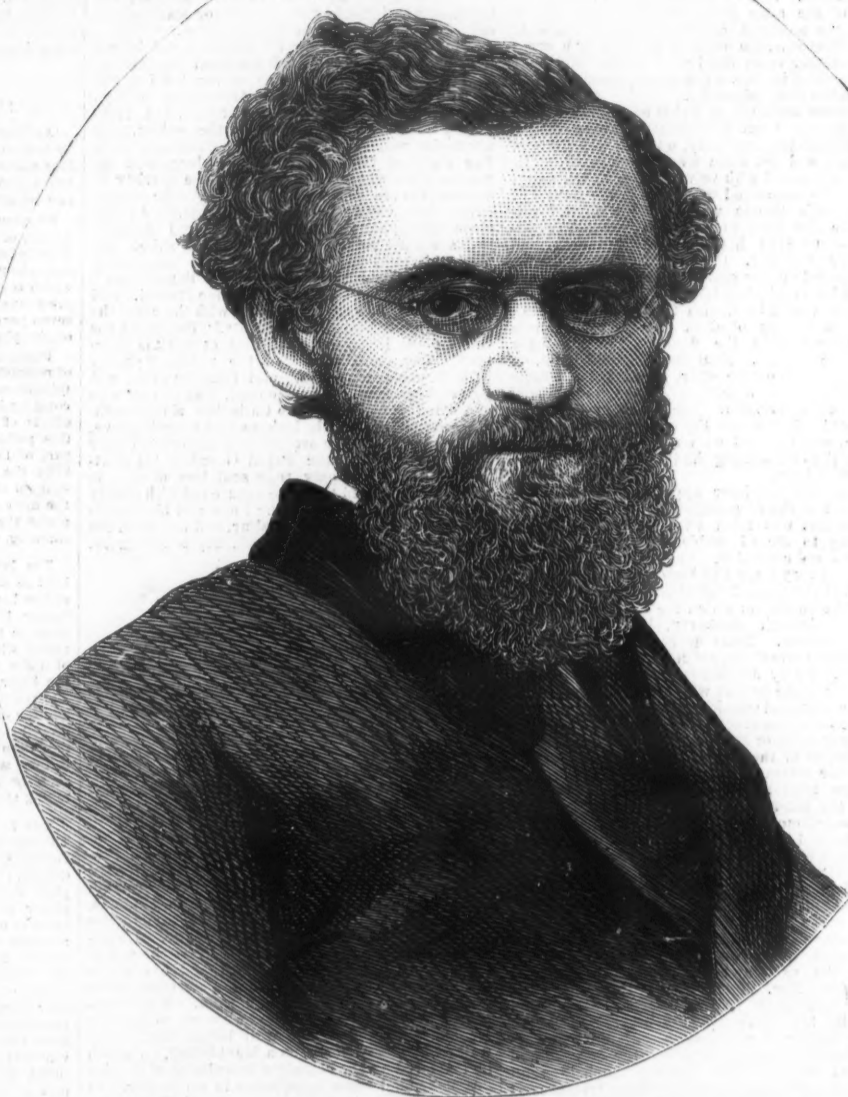
THEODORE THOMAS, the popular musician, is a native of the Kingdom of Hanover, and is forty years of age. He received his first musical instruction from his father, who was an excellent violinist, and when six years of age he began "starring" with his fiddle. The family removed to the United States when Theodore was ten years old, and for several years he played first violin for Jenny Lind, Grier, Mario, and others; afterwards becoming a conductor of Italian and German opera. He was also with Laborde, Thalberg and Paganini, during their American tours. In 1861 he abandoned his connection with the opera altogether, and established his famous system of Symphony Concerts; next he organized his orchestra, and in 1869 began his professional excursions from New York city.

HON. CARL SCHURZ.

CARL SCHURZ, ex-United States Senator from Missouri, and one of the foremost of the Liberal Republican leaders of 1872, is a native of Liblar, Germany, and was born on the 2d of March, 1829. He was educated at the Collegiate Institute of Cologne, and the University of Bonn. During the memorable revolution of 1848, he was a most persistent advocate of civil liberty, and was editor of a paper that took the side of the "rebels." He was then recognized as a fearless writer and speaker. Remaining in the editorial chair until the exigencies of the times demanded the presence in the field of every friend of the movement, he dropped the pen, strapped on the sword, and took his first lesson in practical military life. Upon the surrender of Rastadt he with others fled into Switzerland, where he remained several months. Hearing that an old companion-in-arms had been sentenced to an imprisonment of twenty-six years, he returned from his refuge disguised as a wandering minstrel, and succeeded in releasing his friend. He then fled to London, and for three years alternated between that city and Paris, supporting himself by teaching and corresponding for several newspapers.

In 1852 he came to this country, and four years later entered upon a political career that has since proven one of the most distinguished and remarkable. He went into the Presidential canvass with the utmost heartiness, addressing himself solely to the German element. But when Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln began their contest for the United States Senate, Mr. Schurz astonished his friends by addressing both German and English audiences with equal ardor and clearness of expression. He was elected a member of the Republican National Convention of 1860, and became one of Mr. Lincoln's most valuable supporters. Upon the election of the Martyr President, he appointed Mr. Schurz United States Minister to Spain. He remained at Madrid just long enough to hear of the outbreak of the war, when he resigned the portfolio, returned to this country and entered the army as a Brigadier General of Volunteers. His service embraced the entire duration of the war, and was one of marked distinction. At the close of the struggle, President Johnson appointed him a commissioner to inquire into the condition of the Southern States and the Freedmen's Bureau. As his report did not accord with the President's singular "policy," Mr. Schurz resigned the commission and entered journalism in St. Louis.

He was a delegate to the Chicago



HON. CARL SCHURZ, EX-SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

Convention of 1868, and was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Henderson, and took his seat, March 4th, 1869. Up to the time President Grant inaugurated his remarkable scheme for personal aggrandizement, Senator Schurz gave him faithful support. But in 1872, in conjunction with Senator Sumner he jumped the party traces, and, while not renouncing his Republican principles, he gave his adhesion to the Liberal movement, considering it the best means presented to preserve the dignity, honor and welfare of the country. His career in the Senate is still fresh, and will ever be held in honorable recollection.

At the last election he was defeated by General Cockerell, a Democrat, in the Senatorial contest, much to the disappointment of the friends of free thought, free speech, personal and civil liberty throughout the country.

During his recent short stay in New York, prior to his departure for Europe, he was the recipient of unusual honors. On Monday, April 26th, a party of prominent German gentlemen entertained him with a banquet at Delmonico's; on Tuesday evening some of the most distinguished American citizens of New York extended a like honor to him at the same place, and on Wednesday his German fellow-citizens dined and wined the distinguished orator, and tendered to him a serenade and torchlight procession.

The banquet on Tuesday evening was a magnificent occasion, and brought together some of the best representative men of the metropolis. Among the prominent gentlemen present were William M. Evarts, Parke Godwin, Cyrus W. Field, Murat Halstead, Dr. Hammond, Surgeon-General United States Army, Whitelaw Reid, David A. Wells, Professor Botta, Peter Cooper, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Henry Adams, Algernon S. Sullivan, Howard Potter, S. B. Chittenden, Elliot C. Cowdin, General Francis C. Barlow and many others. Speeches were made by William M. Evarts, Parke Godwin, David A. Wells, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and others, and an able address was delivered by Ex-Senator Schurz.

The German tribute to Carl Schurz on Wednesday evening called out all the enthusiasm of our German fellow-citizens. The banquet was spread in Delmonico's large dining-hall, which was elaborately decorated. The company included the leading German residents of the city. The chair was occupied by Dr. Ernst Krackowizer. At his right sat the guests of the evening, Oswald Ottendorfer and Joseph Seligman; and at his left Bayard Taylor, ex-Governor



NEW YORK CITY.—FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN BY GERMAN RESIDENTS TO HON. CARL SCHURZ, AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 26TH, ON THE EVE OF THE EX-SENATOR'S DEPARTURE FOR A EUROPEAN TOUR.



THE LATE JOHN HARPER, ESQ.

Edward Salomon and ex-Park Commissioner Philip Bessinger. The committee having charge of the entertainment were Dr. Krackowizer, Dr. Jacobi, Dr. Noeggerath, Oswald Ottendorfer, Philip Bessinger, F. M. Maas, E. Rose, Alfred Schlesinger, ex-Governor Salomon, J. Seligman, William Steinway, L. J. Stiaesey, Dr. L. Weber, H. Wesendonck, D. Joseph Wiener, Dr. Frederick Zinsner and Dr. Althof. About 150 persons sat down to dinner, among whom were Edward Schlesinger, Justice Otterbourg, Charles Rose, Eugene Ballin, the German Consul-General Schumaker, Frederick Scheck, General Franz Sigel, Samuel Ward, Dr. L. Arcularius, August Belmont, F. A. Borer, Dr. J. Goldmark, C. Godfrey Gunther, School Commissioner Klamroth and Trand, Sigismund Kaufman, P. Krulung, Karl Pfeiffer, George Steck, Charles Althof, B. Westerman and G. H. Witthaus.

Besides a speech from the distinguished guest, short addresses were made by Dr. Krackowizer, ex-Governor Salomon, Bayard Taylor and Dr. Noeggerath. At half-past ten o'clock a brilliant torchlight procession, participated in by the New York Turn Verein, the German Literary Society, the German Citizens' and Municipal Reform Association, the German Tailors' Union, the Lincoln Society, the Mangunta Society, and others, accompanied by bands of music, marched from Turn Hall to Delmonico's, where Mr. Schurz was honored by a serenade and presented with a complimentary address. In reply, he expressed his thanks for the compliment paid him by the German societies of New York, and on retiring he was saluted with loud cheers.

THE LATE JOHN HARPER.

THE death of John Harper, at his residence in New York city, on the 22d of April, was an event not wholly unlooked for. His usually good health suffered a severe check by the loss of his two brothers, James and Joseph Wesley, and to this was added a series of physical shocks, resembling paralysis, which greatly accelerated the process of dissolution. He was the second in the point of birth of the four Harper brothers, and, with James, founded the firm. The father was a gentleman of high culture, sturdy principle, and remarkable perseverance—characteristics that were vividly illustrated in his sons, and which, in their amplification, contributed in the largest degree to the ultimate immense success of Harper & Brothers.

John was born in Newtown, L. I., in 1797. When mere lads, James and John were apprenticed in a printing-house in New York, the first becoming a thorough master of the intricacies of the press-room; while the second was a remarkably accurate proof-reader and expert

HON. JAMES M. OAKLEY, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES.—SEE PAGE 162.

compositor. After a service of five or six years, the brothers entered into a partnership to commence business upon their own account, and in 1816 the firm of J. & J. Harper was announced. For several years they carried on the details of their establishment—one as pressman, the other as compositor. By their strict attention, careful and tasteful method of proceeding, and conscientious dealing with their patrons, they soon attained a position of much promise. The slight indications of success urged them to greater enterprise, while the scope of their business enlarged almost imperceptibly.

In 1823, Joseph Wesley, who had also been apprenticed to the printers' trade, entered the firm, and three years later Fletcher, the sole survivor, was admitted.

From the modest quarters on Dover Street, the brothers successively removed to Fulton, near Broadway, then to Cliff, where they occupied nine buildings, which were completely destroyed by fire in 1853. Their present mammoth structure on Cliff Street and Franklin Square was then constructed from plans drawn by the last deceased brother, and under his immediate supervision.

John Harper, like his brothers, had his place in the business of the firm, managing the department for which his natural tastes and thorough study had so eminently fitted him. He was a business man of the old-fashioned, plodding sort—accurate in all things. He possessed an unyielding determination, a liberal and tolerant mind, and a disposition of the most approachable and pleasing character.

HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT was born at North Haven, Conn., March 4th, 1817. He is descended from the Rev. James Pierrepont, one of the founders of Yale College, who in those old colonial days, when blood and title had more weight than in these modern days, was proud to trace his lineage from an old Norman soldier, Robert de Pierrepont, who came over to England with the Conqueror. The family name was Robert; Pierrepont was the designation or title, the head of the family taking the name of the castle and estates, which derived their name from a stone bridge, built in Normandy, in the time of Charlemagne, to take the place of a ferry, which was then considered a great work. Edwards is the direct descendant of Joseph, the third son of the Rev. James Pierrepont.

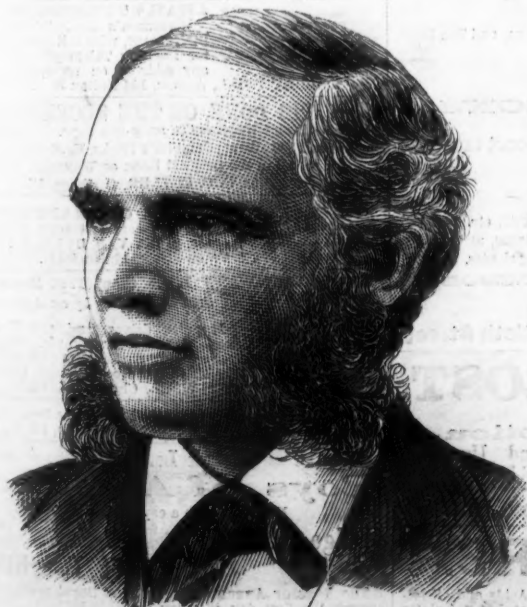


HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, NEWLY-APPOINTED UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

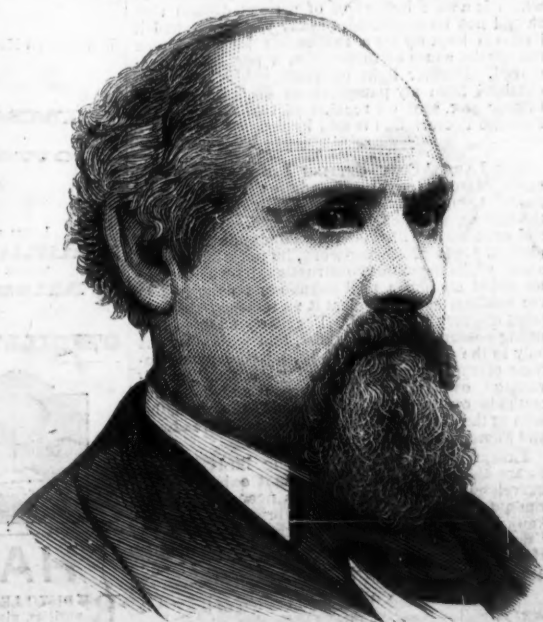
Edwards Pierrepont, the new Attorney-General, received his early instruction from Noah Porter, now President of Yale College, who, at that time, was Principal of the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven. He graduated at Yale College with high honors in the Class of 1837, in which were also William M. Everts and Chief-Justice Waite. Four years later, after graduating from the New Haven Law School under Judges Daggett and Hitchcock, Mr. Pierrepont removed to Columbus, O., where he engaged in the practice of the law. In 1846 he removed to New York, and married the daughter of Samuel A. Willoughby, a prominent citizen of Brooklyn. In 1857 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Chief-Justice Oakley, but resigned in 1860 and resumed the practice of law. Two years later President Lincoln appointed him a member of the Military and Civil Commission for the trial of prisoners of State. He was also one of the prosecuting counsel in the Surratt trial. He was a warm friend of President Lincoln, and in 1864 was active in endeavoring to organize the War Democrats in favor of Lincoln's re-election. In 1867 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, and one of the Judiciary Committee. During General Grant's first Presidential contest, Judge Pierrepont was one of his most ardent supporters, making large subscriptions and numerous speeches. In 1868 President Grant appointed him Attorney of the United States for New York, which position he held until 1870. The post of Minister to Russia was afterwards proffered to Judge Pierrepont, but he declined it.

Among the best-known legal cases in which Judge Pierrepont has been engaged were the Weed-Opdyke libel suit, the Merchant Will, the Foreman Will, the Gardner Will in favor of Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, the noted case of the United States against Konstamm for frauds, and the suit against General Butler. Upon resigning his seat upon the bench in 1860, Judge Pierrepont wrote a letter to the Governor upon corruptions in the Government. In the Autumn of 1870 he was an active member of the Committee of Seventy. Since that time he has been connected with the Texas and Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Pierrepont is a man of erect, stately figure, with a large, intellectual head. His features are regular and highly expressive of the mental and moral culture which are characteristic of the man. In his manners he is courtly and polite, but never familiar. He is a powerful and eloquent speaker at the Bar, and on all other occasions. His record as a public man and private citizen is unblemished, and he possesses in an eminent degree all the requisites for the high position to which he has been called.



HON. S. S. LOWERY, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES.—SEE PAGE 159.



HON. ALANSON S. PAGE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL.—SEE PAGE 159.

COLONEL JAMES M. OAKLEY, NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

HON. JAMES M. OAKLEY is the Democratic representative from the Second Assembly District of Queens County in the New York State Legislature. He was born in the city of New York, on the 19th day of June, 1839, and is thirty-five years of age. He is of medium height, of full habit, and a man who achieves success by persuasive influences rather than by force.

As a legislator, he is vigilant, being ever on the alert, but in no case does his manner—even under the most trying emergencies—indicate the depth of his feeling on the subject under discussion, nor does his action disclose the work he is performing.

As if by intuition, he grasps a political or a legislative situation with a rare perceptive faculty, and at once proceeds to perfect his combinations which are to secure success for or against a measure. A general favorite among members on the floor of both House and Senate, and of leading men in the State, he is very successful in rallying even his opponents around him in an emergency. He seems to be a natural organizer, and has run the gauntlet of defeat on several occasions in a district which is often anti-Democratic. He is the oldest Democratic representative on the floor in point of successive terms, this being his fifth year of service in the Assembly. This interesting fact attests his personal popularity.

Mr. Oakley received a good academic education, and for years has been engaged as an auctioneer in connection with ex-Senator E. A. Lawrence in the city of New York, and for some time was employed in the real estate business. He has served on various committees, such as Roads and Bridges, Banks, Militia, the Sub-committee of the Whole, and this year was made Chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation, and second on the Committee on Insurance, acting at present as Chairman of said Committee in consequence of Mr. Faulkner's absence as a member of the Canal Investigating Committee. In 1872 a vigorous effort was made to defeat him by his opponents, but he was successful over Republican opposition as well as factional splits in his own party. In 1873 he defeated a very popular opponent, Henry C. Johnson, of Astoria, and in 1874 his majority over an equally popular man was 1,058. He was the youngest delegate from New York to the Democratic National Convention, held at Baltimore in 1872.

Early in the session he was made Paymaster on the staff of General Dakin, of Brooklyn, which gave him the rank of Colonel. Mr. Oakley has a bright future before him as an ardent and zealous co-worker in the cause of all that pertains to reform. He is an intelligent and warm supporter of Governor Tilden's policy in its main characteristics.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged, and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine, nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging, we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tire-some sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be well on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

THE LADIES' COZY CUTTING AND SEWING TABLE needs scarcely any commendation in view of its growing popularity and comparative luxury over the various agencies hitherto in use. The facility and expedition with which it enables one to accomplish all kinds of sewing work, its portability, and, above all, its ingenious construction, by which it can be folded up like a pocket-knife and deposited in the smallest space, renders it an indispensable adjunct of every household. Peculiarly adapted to a sitting posture, in lowness, and suitability not only to the action of the body, but the manipulations of the seamstress, it enjoys a sanitary advantage over the old, cumbersome and fatiguing methods of operation, and should, therefore, be seen at the Domestic Building, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street.

The majority of people keeping Birds are not aware that their little pets cannot exist without gravel, but it is a fact, and this necessary article can not be given in any better form than what is known as Singer's Patent Gravel Paper. The Gravel Paper is beneficial in many respects, and is also a great convenience. Can be had of any druggist or bird-dealer.

We have received the second edition of the "Art of Canvassing; or, Agents' Aid"; this edition has had many improvements on the first, and must have had a large sale to warrant bringing out a second edition so soon. We will venture to say, that it

will enable any one, male or female, to make a good living. It is published by the New York Book Concern, 7 Warren Street, N. Y., which has produced many handsomely illustrated works of late.

A Valuable and Important Letter from Rev. Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers.

No. 4 WINTHROP PLACE, NEW YORK.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the favorable notice of my personal friends Dr. E. B. Lighthill, a physician whom I am able to recommend for unusual skill, from the success with which he has treated a daughter of mine. When I placed her under his treatment she was suffering from catarrh in an obstinate form, which had progressed so far as to injure her whole constitution. Dr. Lighthill succeeded not only in effecting a radical and permanent cure of the catarrh, but also in restoring her health completely.

Finding in my Pastoral work how widespread catarrhal affections are, it has occurred to me that it is a simple Christian duty to give Dr. Lighthill this statement, trusting that he may use it so as to make others know where they may have skill and attention, which I do not believe can be surpassed in the present state of medical science in this department.

And I deem it due to myself that it be stated that Dr. Lighthill's fee was fully discharged in currency, and this at least is not a clergyman's payment of a pecuniary obligation by an expression of gratitude.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

Dr. Lighthill receives patients from 9 to 3 at his office, No. 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

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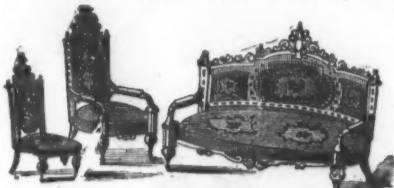
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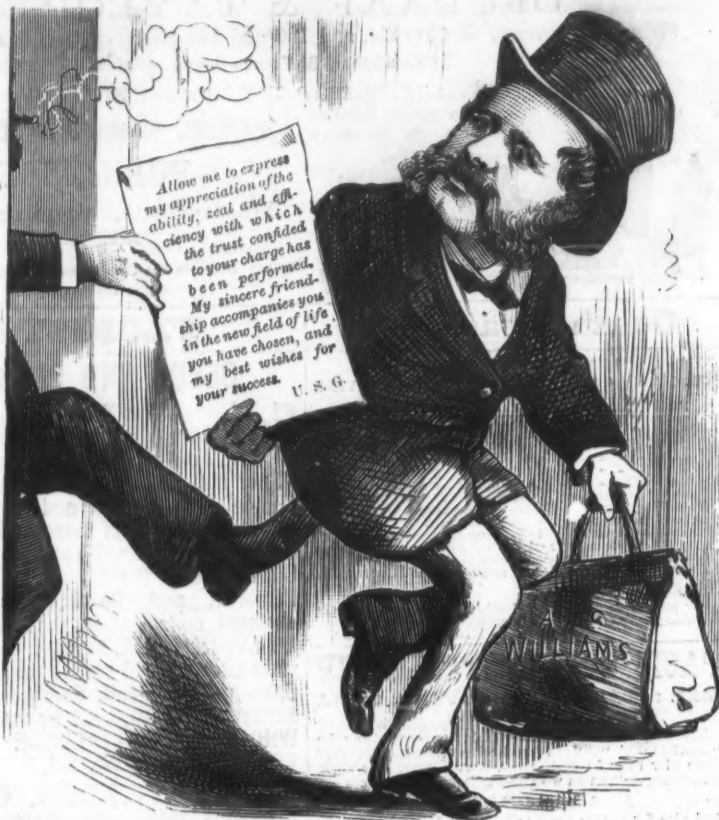
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4 of \$3,000 Approximating to \$50,000 are	\$12,000
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